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THE SONNETS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE



THE
S O N N E T S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

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INTRODUCTION.

No edition of Shakspeare's Sonnets,¹ apart from his other writings, with sufficient explanatory notes, has hitherto appeared. Notes are an evil, but in the case of the Sonnets a necessary evil, for many passages are hard to understand. I have kept beside me for several years an interleaved copy of Dyce's text, in which I set down from time to time anything that seemed to throw light on a difficult passage. From these jottings, and from the Variorum Shakspeare of 1821,² my annotations have been chiefly drawn. I have had before me in preparing this volume the

¹ The poet's name is rightly written *Shakspeare*; rightly also *Shakspeare*. If I err in choosing the form *Shakspeare*, I err with the owner of the name.


² To which this general reference may suffice. I often found it convenient to alter slightly the notes of the Variorum Shakspeare, and I have not made it a rule to refer each note from that edition to its individual writer.

editions of Bell, Clark and Wright, Collier, Delius, Dyce, Halliwell, Hazlitt, Knight, Palgrave, Staunton, Grant White; the translations of François-Victor Hugo, Bodensiedt, and others, and the greater portion of the extensive Shakspeare Sonnets literature, English and German. It is sorrowful to consider of how small worth the contribution I make to the knowledge of these poems is, in proportion to the time and pains bestowed.

To render Shakspeare's meaning clear has been my aim. I do not make his poetry an occasion for giving lessons in etymology. It would have been easy, and not useless, to have enlarged the notes with parallels from other Elizabethan writers; but they are already bulky. I have been sparing of such parallel passages, and have illustrated Shakspeare chiefly from his own writings. Repeated perusals have convinced me that the Sonnets stand in the right order, and that sonnet is connected with sonnet in more instances than have been observed. My notes on each sonnet commonly begin with an attempt to point

out the little links or articulations in thought and word, which connect it with its predecessor or the group to which it belongs. I frankly warn the reader that I have pushed this kind of criticism far, perhaps too far. I have perhaps in some instances fancied points of connexion which have no real existence, some I have set down, which seem to myself conjectural. After this warning, I ask the friendly reader not to grow too soon impatient; and if, going through the text carefully, he will consider for himself the points which I have noted, I have a hope that he will in many instances see reason to agree with what I have said.

The text here presented is that of a conservative editor, opposed to conjecture, unless conjecture be a necessity, and desirous to abide by the Quarto (1609) unless strong reasons appear for a departure from it.

The portrait etched as frontispiece is a living face restored by Mr. L. Lowenstam from the celebrated death-mask found by Ludwig Becker. The artist closely follows his original. 

evidence in support of the opinion that this mask was cast from a wax-mould taken from Shakspeare's face is strong enough to satisfy a good many careful investigators; not strong enough to satisfy all. The portrait, then, may be viewed as possessing a real and curious interest, while yet of doubtful authenticity.¹

Sonnets by Shakspeare are first mentioned in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, 1598: 'The sweete wittie soule of *Ovid* lives in mellifluous and hony-tongued Shakespeare, witnes . . . his sugred Sonnets among his private friends'. In the following year, 1599, Sonnets cxxxviii. and cxliv. were printed in the bookseller Jaggard's surreptitious miscellany *The Passionate Pilgrim* (see Notes, p. 239 and p. 242). Both of these

¹ 'I must candidly say I am not able to spot a single suspicious fact in the brief history of this most curious relic'.—C. M. Ingleby, *Shakespeare the Man and the Book*, Part i. p. 84. See on the death-mask articles by J. S. Hart in *Scribner's Monthly*, July 1874; by Dr. Schaffhausen in *Shakespeare Jahrbuch* 1875; and by Lord Ronald Gower in *The Antiquary*, vol. ii., all of whom accept it as the veritable death-mask of Shakspeare.

spersed, each group bearing a fanciful
bookseller Benson introduced the
address to The Reader, in which
they are 'of the same purity the
living avouched', and that the re-
them 'seren, clear and elegantly
titles given to the groups carry
that the Sonnets, with few excep-
dressed by a lover to his lady.

This edition of 1640 was re-

numbered cxxvi., is an *Envoy* ; while the Sonnets cxxvii.-cliv. either address a mistress, or have reference to her and to the poet's passion for her.

The student of Shakspeare is drawn to the Sonnets not alone by their ardour and depth of feeling, their fertility and condensation of thought, their exquisite felicities of phrase, and their frequent beauty of rhythmical movement, but in a peculiar degree by the possibility that here, if nowhere else, the greatest of English poets may—as Wordsworth puts it—have ‘unlocked his heart’.¹ It were strange if his silence, deep as

¹ Poets differ in the interpretation of the Sonnets as widely as critics :

“ With this same key

Shakspeare unlocked his heart ’ once more !

Did Shakspeare ? If so the less Shakspeare be ! ”

So, Mr Browning, to whom replies Mr Swinburne, ‘ No whit the less like Shakspeare, but undoubtedly the less like Browning ’ Some of Shelley’s feeling with reference to the Sonnets may be guessed from certain lines to be

f
‘
‘
‘

Gosse :—

If any should be curious to discover
Whether to you I am a friend or lover,

that of the secrets of Nature, never once knew interruption. The moment, however, we regard the Sonnets as autobiographical, we find ourselves in the presence of doubts and difficulties, exaggerated, it is true, by many writers, yet certainly real.

If we must escape from them, the simplest mode is to assume that the Sonnets are 'the free outcome of a poetic imagination' (Delius). It is an ingenious suggestion of Delius that certain groups may be offsets from other poetical works of Shakspeare; those urging a beautiful youth to perpetuate his beauty in offspring may be a derivative from *Venus & Adonis*; those declaring love for a dark complexioned woman may re-

Let them read Shakspeare's sonnets, taking thence
A whetstone for their dull intelligence
That tears and will not cut, or let them guess
How Diotima, the wise prophetess,
Instructed the instructor, and why he
Rebuked the infant spirit of melody
On Agathon's sweet lips, which as he spoke
Was as the lovely star when morn has broke
The roof of darkness, in the golden dawn,
Half-hidden and yet beautiful.

handle the theme set forth in Betowne's passion for the dark Rosaline of *Love's Labour's Lost*; those which tell of a mistress resigned to a friend may be a non-dramatic treatment of the theme of love and friendship presented in the later scenes of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Perhaps a few sonnets, as CX. CXI., refer to circumstances of Shakspeare's life (Dyce), the main body of these poems may still be regarded as mere exercises of the fancy

Such an explanation of the Sonnets has the merit of simplicity, it unives no knots but cuts all at a blow, if the collection consists of disconnected exercises of the fancy, we need not try to reconcile discrepancies, nor shape a story, nor ascertain a chronology, nor identify persons. And what indeed was a sonneteer's passion but a paloted fire? What was the form of verse but an exotic curiously trained and tended, in which an artificial sentiment imported from Italy gave perfume and colour to the flower?

And yet, in this as in other forms, the poetry of the time, which possesses an enduring vitality,

was not commonly caught out of the air, but—however large the conventional element in it may have been—was born of the union of heart and imagination; in it real feelings and real experience, submitting to the poetical fashions of the day, were raised to an ideal expression. Spenser wooed and wedded the Elizabeth of his *Amoretti*. The *Astrophel & Stella* tells of a veritable tragedy, fatal perhaps to two bright lives and passionate hearts. And what poems of Drummond do we remember as we remember those which record how he loved and lamented Mary Cunningham?

Some students of the Sonnets who refuse to trace their origin to real incidents of Shakspeare's life, allow that they form a connected poem, or at most two connected poems, and these, they assure us, are of deeper significance than any mere poetical exercises can be. They form a stupendous allegory; they express a profound philosophy. The young friend whom Shakspeare addresses is in truth the poet's Ideal Self, or Ideal Manhood, or the Spirit of Beauty, or the

Reason, or the Divine Logos; his dark mistress, whom a prosaic German translator (Jordan) takes for a mulatto or quadroon, is indeed Dramatic Art, or the Catholic Church, or the Bride of the Canticles, black but comely.) Let us not smile too soon at the pranks of Puck among the critics; it is more prudent to move apart and feel gently whether that sleek mole with fair large ears, may not have been slipped upon our own shoulders.

When we question saner critics why Shakspeare's Sonnets may not be at once *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, poetry and truth, their answer amounts to this: Is it likely that Shakspeare would so have rendered extravagant homage to a boy patron? Is it likely that one, who so deeply felt the moral order of the world, would have yielded, as the poems to his dark lady acknowledge, to a vulgar temptation of the senses? or yielding, would have told his shame in verse? Objections are brought forward against identifying the youth of the Sonnets with Southampton or with Pembroke, it is pointed out that the writer speaks of himself as old, and *that in a*

sonnet published in Shakspeare's thirty-fifth year ; here evidently he cannot have spoken in his own person, and if not here, why elsewhere ? Finally, it is asserted that the poems lack internal harmony ; no real person can be, what Shakspeare's friend is described as being—true and false, constant and fickle, virtuous and vicious, of hopeful expectation and publicly blamed for careless living.

Shakspeare speaks of himself as old ; true, but in the sonnet published in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (cxxxviii.), he speaks as a lover, contrasting himself skilled in the lore of life with an inexperienced youth ; doubtless at thirty-five he was not a Florizel nor a Ferdinand. In the poems to his friend, Shakspeare is addressing a young man perhaps of twenty years, in the fresh bloom of beauty ; he celebrates with delight the floral grace of youth, to which the first touch of time will be a taint ; those lines of thought and care, which his own mirror shows, bear witness to time's ravage. It is as a poet that Shakspeare writes, and his statistics are those not of arithmetic but of poetry.

That he should have given admiration and love without measure to a youth highborn, brilliant, accomplished, who singled out the player for peculiar favour, will seem wonderful only to those who keep a constant guard upon their affections, and to those who have no need to keep a guard at all. In the Renaissance epoch among natural products of a time when life ran swift and free, touching with its current high and difficult places, the ardent friendship of man with man was one. To elevate it above mere personal regard a kind of Neo-Platonism was at hand, which represented Beauty and Love incarnated in a human creature as earthly vice-gerents of the Divinity. 'It was then not uncommon', observes the sober Dyce, 'for one man to write verses to another in a strain of such tender affection as fully warrants us in terming them amatory'. Montaigne, not prone to take up / extreme positions, writes of his dead Estienne de la Boétie with passionate tenderness which will not hear of moderation. The haughtiest spirit of Italy, Michael Angelo, does homage to

the worth and beauty of young Tommaso Cavalieri in such words as these :

*Heavenward your spirit stirreth me to strain ;
E'en as you will I blush and blanch again,
Freeze in the sun, burn 'neath a frosty sky,
Your will includes and is the lord of mine.*

The learned Languet writes to young Philip Sidney : ' Your portrait I kept with me some hours to feast my eyes on it, but my appetite was rather increased than diminished by the sight'. And Sidney to his guardian friend : ' The chief object of my life, next to the everlasting blessedness of heaven, will always be the enjoyment of true friendship, and there you shall have the chiefest place'. ' Some', said Jeremy Taylor, ' live under the line, and the beams of friendship in that position are imminent and perpendicular'. ' Some have only a dark day and a long night from him [the Sun], snows and white cattle, a miserable life and a perpetual harvest of Catarrhes and Consumptions, apoplexies and dead palsies ; but some have splendid fires and aromattick spices, rich wines and well

digested fruits, great wit and great courage, because they dwell in his eye and look in his face and are the Couriers of the Sun, and wait upon him in his Chambers of the East; just so it is in friendship'. Was Shakspeare less a courier of the sun than Languet or Michael Angelo?

If we accept the obvious reading of the Sonnets, we must believe that Shakspeare at some time of his life was snared by a woman, the reverse of beautiful according to the conventional Elizabethan standard—dark-haired, dark-eyed, pale-checked (cxxxvii); skilled in touching the virginal (cxxxviii), skilled also in playing on the heart of man; who could attract and repel, irritate and soothe, join reproach with caress (cxlvi.); a woman faithless to her vow in wedlock (cxi). Through her no calm of joy came to him; his life ran quicker but more troubled through her spell, and she mingled strange bitterness with its waters. Mistress of herself and of her art, she turned when it pleased her from the player to capture a more distinguished prize, his friend. For a while Shakspeare was kept in the

torture of doubt and suspicion; then confession and tears were offered by the youth. The wound had gone deep into Shakspeare's heart:—

Love knows it is a greater grief

To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury. |

But, delivering himself from the intemperance of wrath, he could forgive a young man beguiled and led astray. Through further difficulties and estrangements their friendship travelled on to a fortunate repose. The series of Sonnets, which is its record, climbs to a high sunlit resting-place. The other series, which records his passion for a dark temptress, is a whirl of moral chaos. Whether to dismiss him, or to draw him farther on, the woman had urged upon him the claims of conscience and duty; in the latest sonnets—if this series be arranged in chronological order—Shakspeare's passion, grown bitter and scornful (CLI., CLII.), strives, once for all, to defy and wrestle down his better will.

Shakspeare of the Sonnets is not the Shakspeare serenely victorious, infinitely charitable, wise with

all wisdom of the intellect and the heart, whom we know through *The Tempest* and *King Henry VIII.* He is the Shakspeare of *Venus & Adonis* and *Romeo & Juliet*, on his way to acquire some of the dark experience of *Measure for Measure*, and the bitter learning of *Troilus & Cressida*. Shakspeare's writings assure us that in the main his eye was fixed on the true ends of life, but they do not lead us to believe that he was inaccessible to temptations of the senses, the heart, and the imagination. We can only guess the frailty that accompanied such strength, the risks that attended such high powers; immense demands on life, vast ardours, and then the void hour, the deep dejection. There appears to have been a time in his life when the springs of faith and hope had almost ceased to flow; and he recovered these not by flying from reality and life, but by driving his shafts deeper towards the centre of things. So Ulysses was transformed into Prospero, worldly wisdom into spiritual insight. Such ideal purity as Milton's was not possessed nor sought by Shakspeare; among these

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INTRODUCTION.

...more, one or two might be spoken by Mrs.
...when his will of heaven was stretched to
as all broad. To compensate Shakspeare knew
men and women a good deal better than did
Milton, and probably no patches of his life are
quite as improbably ugly as some which dis-
figured the life of the great idealist. His daughter
could love and honour Shakspeare's memory,
lamentable it is, if he was taken in the tolls,
but at least we know that he escaped all tolls
before the end. May we dare to conjecture that
Cleopatra, queen and courtesan, black from
'Phœbus' amorous phœbes', a 'last impar-
beled', has some kinship through the imagination
with our dark lady of the 'dolphin'? 'Would I
had never seen her', sighs out Antony, and the
second undertaker Barbarus replies, 'O, sir, you
had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work;
which not to have been blest without would have
discredited your travel'.
Shakspeare did not, in Byron's manner, invite
the world to gaze upon his trespass, and his
griefs. Setting side two stories printed by

pirate in 1599, not one of these poems, as far as we know, saw the light until long after they were written, according to the most probable chronology, and when in 1609 the volume entitled ‘Shake-speares Sonnets’ was issued, it had, there is reason to believe, neither the superintendence nor the consent of the author.¹ Yet their literary merits entitled these poems to publication, and Shakspeare’s verse was popular. If they were written on fanciful themes, why were the Sonnets held so long in reserve? If, on the other hand, they were connected with real persons, and painful incidents, it was natural that they should not pass beyond the private friends of their possessor.

But the Sonnets of Shakspeare, it is said, lack inward noiry. Some might well be addressed to Queen Elizabeth, some to Anne Hathaway, some to his boy Hamnet, some to the Earl of Pembroke or the Earl of Southampton, it is impossible to make all these poems (i. cxxvi.) apply

¹ The Quarto of 1609, though not carelessly printed, is far less accurate than *Verus & Aliter*. See note on cxxvi.

Sonnets, one or two might be spoken by Mercurio, when his wit of cheveril was stretched to an ell broad. To compensate—Shakspeare knew men and women a good deal better than did Milton, and probably no patches of his life are quite as unprofitably ugly as some which disfigured the life of the great idealist. His daughter could love and honour Shakspeare's memory. Lamentable it is, if he was taken in the toils, but at least we know that he escaped all toils before the end. May we dare to conjecture that Cleopatra, queen and courtesan, black from 'Phœbus' amorous pinches', a 'last unparalleled', has some kinship through the imagination with our dark lady of the virginal? 'Would I had never seen her', sighs out Antony, and the shrewd onlooker Enobarbus replies, 'O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel'.

Shakspeare did not, in Byron's manner, invite the world to gaze upon his trespasss and his griefs. Setting aside two pieces printed by a

pirate in 1599, not one of these poems, as far as we know, saw the light until long after they were written, according to the most probable chronology, and when in 1609 the volume entitled 'Shake-speares Sonnets' was issued, it had, there is reason to believe, neither the superintendence nor the consent of the author.¹ Yet their literary merits entitled these poems to publication, and Shakspeare's verse was popular. If they were written on fanciful themes, why were the Sonnets held so long in reserve? If, on the other hand, they were connected with real persons, and painful incidents, it was natural that they should not pass beyond the private friends of their possessor.

But the Sonnets of Shakspeare, it is said, lack inward unity. Some might well be addressed to Queen Elizabeth, some to Anne Hathaway, some to his boy Hamnet, some to the Earl of Pembroke or the Earl of Southampton; it is impossible to make all these poems (1.-cxxxvi.) apply

¹ The Quarto of 1609, though not carelessly printed, is far less accurate than *Venus & Adonis*. See note on cxxxvi.

to a single person. Difficulties of this kind may perplex a painful commentator, but would hardly occur to a lover or a friend living 'where the beams of friendship are imminent'. The youth addressed by Shakspeare is 'the master-mistress of his passion' (xx.); summing up the perfections of man and woman, of Helen and Adonis (LIII.); a liege, and yet through love a comrade; in years a boy, cherished as a son might be; in will a man, with all the power which rank and beauty give. Love, aching with its own monotony, invites imagination to invest it in changeful forms. Besides, the varying feelings of at least three years (civ.)—three years of loss and gain, of love, wrong, wrath, sorrow, repentance, forgiveness, perfected union—are uttered in the Sonnets. When Shakspeare began to write, his friend had the untried innocence of boyhood and an unspotted fame; afterwards came the offence and the dishonour. And the loving heart practised upon itself the piteous frauds of wounded affection: now it can credit no evil of the beloved, now it must believe the worst.

While the world knows nothing but praise of one so dear, a private injury goes deep into the soul; when the world assails his reputation, straightway loyalty revives, and even puts a strain upon itself to hide each imperfection from view.

A painstaking student of the Sonnets, Henry Brown, was of opinion that Shakspeare intended, in these poems to satirize the sonnet-writers of his time, and in particular his contemporaries, Drayton and John Davies of Hereford. Professor Minto, while accepting the series I.-CXXVI. as of serious import, regards the sonnets addressed to a woman, CXXVII.-CLII. as 'exercises of skill undertaken in a spirit of wanton defiance and derision of commonplace'. Certainly if Shakspeare is a satirist in I.-CXXVI., his irony is deep; the malicious smile was not nounced during two centuries and a half. The poems are in the taste of the time, less extravagant and less full of conceits than many other Elizabethan collections, more distinguished by exquisite imagination, and all that betokens genuine feeling;

they are, as far as manner goes, such sonnets as Daniel might have chosen to write if he had had the imagination and the heart of Shakspeare. All that is quaint or contorted or 'conceited' in them can be paralleled from passages of early plays of Shakspeare, such as *Romeo & Juliet*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, where assuredly no satirical intention is discoverable. In the Sonnets cxxvii.-cliv. Shakspeare addresses a woman to whom it is impossible to pay the conventional homage of sonneteers; he cannot tell her that her cheeks are lilies and roses, her breast is of snow, her heart is chaste and cold as ice. Yet he loves her, and will give her tribute of verse. He praises her precisely as a woman who without beauty is clever and charming, and a coquette, would choose to be praised. True, she owns no commonplace attractions; she is no pink and white goddess; all her imperfections he sees; yet she can fascinate by some nameless spell; she can turn the heart hot or cold; if she is not beautiful, it is because something more rare and fine takes the place of beauty. She

angers her lover; he declares to her face that she is odious, and at the same moment he is at her feet.

A writer whose distinction it is to have produced the largest book upon the Sonnets, Mr. Gerald Massey, holds that he has rescued Shakspeare's memory from shame by the discovery of a secret history legible in these poems to rightly illuminated eyes.¹ In 1592, according to this theory, Shakspeare began to address pieces in sonnet-form to his patron Southampton. Presently the Earl engaged the poet to write love sonnets on his behalf to Elizabeth Vernon; assuming also the feelings of Elizabeth Vernon, Shakspeare wrote dramatic sonnets, as if in her person, to the Earl. The table-book containing Shakspeare's autograph sonnets was given by Southampton to Pembroke, and at Pembroke's request was written the dark-woman series; for Pembroke, although authentic history knows nothing of the facts, was enamoured of Sidney's Stella, now well advanced in years, the unhappy

¹ The first hint of this theory was given by Mrs. Jamelson.

Lady Rich. A few of the sonnets which pass for Shakspeare's are really by Herbert, and he, the 'Mr. W. H.' of Thorpe's dedication, is the 'only begetter'; that is, procurer of these pieces for the publisher. The Sonnets require rearrangement, and are grouped in an order of his own by Mr. Masséy.

Mr. Masséy writes with zeal; with a faith in his own opinions which finds scepticism hard to explain except on some theory of intellectual or moral obliquity; and he exhibits a wide, miscellaneous reading. The one thing Mr. Masséy's elaborate theory seems to me to lack is some evidence in its support. His arguments may well remain unanswered. One hardly knows how to tug at the other end of a rope of sand.

With Wordsworth, Sir Henry Taylor, and Mr. Swinburne, with François-Victor Hugo, with Kreyssig, Ulrici, and Hermann Isaac.¹

with Boaden, Armitage Brown, and Hallam, with Furnivall, Spalding, Rossetti, and Palgrave, I believe that *Shakspeare's Sonnets* express his own feelings in his own person. To whom they were addressed is unknown. We shall never discover the name of that woman who for a season could sound, as no one else, the instrument in Shakspeare's heart from the lowest note to the top of the compass. To the eyes of no diver among the wrecks of time will that curious talisman gleam. Already when Thorpe dedicated these poems to their 'only begetter', she perhaps was lost in the quick-moving life of London, to all but a few in whose memory were stirred as by a forlorn, small wind the grey ashes of a fire gone out. As to the name of Shakspeare's youthful friend and patron, we conjecture on slender evidence at the best. Setting claimants aside on whose behalf the evidence is absolutely none, except that their Christian name and surname begin with a W and an H, two remain whose pretensions have been supported by accomplished advocates. Drake

(1817), a learned and refined writer, was the first to suggest that the friend addressed in Shakspeare's Sonnets was Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, to whom *Venus & Adonis* was dedicated in 1593, and in the following year *Lucrece*, in words of strong devotion resembling those of the twenty-sixth Sonnet.¹ B. Heywood Bright (1819), and James Boaden (1832), independently arrived at the conclusion that the Mr. W. H. of the dedication, the 'begetter' or inspirer of the Sonnets, was William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to whom with his brother, as two well-known patrons of the great dramatist, his fellows Heminge and Condell dedicated the First Folio. Wriothesley was born in 1573, nine years after Shakspeare; Herbert in 1580. Wriothesley at an early age became the lover of Elizabeth Vernon, needing therefore no entreaties to marry (L-XVII.); he was not beautiful; he

¹ Drake did not, as is sometimes stated, suppose that Mr. W. H. was Southampton. He took 'begetter' to mean *obtainer*; and left Mr. W. H. unidentified. Others hold that 'W. H.' are the initials of Southampton's names reversed as a blind to the public.

bore no resemblance to his mother (III. 9); his life was active, with varying fortunes, to which allusions might be looked for in the Sonnets, such as may be found in the verses of his other poet, Daniel. Further, it appears from the punning Sonnets (CXXXV. and CXLIII, (see Notes), that the Christian name of Shakspeare's friend was the same as his own, *Will*, but Wriothesley's name was Henry. To Herbert the punning Sonnets and the 'Mr. W. H.' of the dedication can be made to apply. He was indeed a nobleman in 1609, but a nobleman might be styled Mr.; 'Lord Buckhurst is entered as M Sackville in 'England's Parnassus' (Minto), or the Mr. may have been meant to disguise the truth. Herbert was beautiful; was like his illustrious mother; was brilliant, accomplished, licentious; 'the most universally beloved and esteemed', says Clarendon, 'of any man of his age'. Like Southampton he was a patron of poets, and he loved the theatre. In 1599 attempts were unsuccessfully made to induce him to become a suitor for the hand of the Lord Admiral's

daughter. So far the balance leans towards Herbert. But his father lived until 1601 (see XIII. and Notes); Southampton's father died while his son was a boy; and the date of Herbert's birth (1580), taken in connection with Meres's mention of Sonnets, and the 'Two loves' of the *Passionate Pilgrim* Sonnet (1599); CXLIV., may well cause a doubt.

A clue, which promises to lead us to clearness, and then deceives us into deeper twilight, is the characterisation (LXXVIII.-LXXXVI.) of a rival poet who for a time supplanted Shakspeare in his patron's regard. This rival, the 'better spirit' of LXXX., was learned (LXXVIII.); dedicated a book to Shakspeare's patron (LXXXII. and Notes); celebrated his beauty and knowledge (LXXXII.); in 'hymns' (LXXXV.); was remarkable for 'the full proud sail of his great verse' (LXXXVI., LXXX.); was taught 'by spirits' to write 'above a mortal pitch', was nightly visited by 'an affable familiar ghost' who 'gulled him with intelligence' (LXXXVI.). Here are allusions and characteristics which ought to lead to identifica-

tion Yet in the end we are forced to confess that the poet remains as dim a figure as the patron.

Is it Spenser? He was learned, but what ghost was that which gulled him? Is it Marlowe? His verse was proud and full, and the creator of Faustus may well have had dealings with his own Mephistopheles, but Marlowe died in May 1593, the year of *Venus & Adonis*. Is it Drayton, or Nash, or John Davies of Hereford? Persons in search of an ingeniously improbable opinion may choose any one of these. Is it Daniel? Daniel's reputation stood high, he was regarded as a master by Shakspeare in his early poems; he was brought up at Wilton, the seat of the Pembrokes, and in 1601 he inscribed his *Defence of Ryme* to William Herbert; the Pembroke family favoured astrologers, and the ghost that gulled Daniel may have been the same that gulled Allen, Sandford, and Dr. Dee, and through them gulled Herbert. Here is at least a clever guess, and Boaden is again a guesser. But Professor Minto makes a guess

even more fortunate. No Elizabethan poet wrote ampler verse, none scorned 'ignorance' more, or more haughtily asserted his learning than Chapman. In *The Tears of Peace* (1609), Homer as a spirit visits and inspires him; the claim to such inspiration may have been often made by the translator of Homer in earlier years. Chapman was pre-eminently the poet of Night. 'The Shadow of Night', with the motto *Versus mei habebunt aliquantum Noctis*, appeared in 1594; the title-page describes it as containing 'two poetickall *Hymnes*'. In the dedication Chapman assails unlearned 'passion-driven men', 'hide-bound with affection to great men's fancies', and ridicules the alleged eternity of their 'idolatrous platts for riches'. 'Now what a supererogation in wit this is, to think Skill so mightily pierced with their loves, that she should prostitutely show them her secrets, when she will scarcely be looked upon by others, but with invocation, fasting, watching; yea not without having drops of their souls *like a heavenly familiar*'. Of Chapman's Homer a part appeared

in 1596; dedicatory sonnets in a later edition are addressed to both Southampton and Pembroke.

Mr. W. H., the only begetter of the Sonnets, remains unknown. Even the meaning of the word 'begetter' is in dispute. 'I have some cousin-germans at court', writes Decker in *Salicrassa*, 'shall *beget* you the reversion of the master of the king's revels', where *beget* evidently means *procure*. Was the 'begetter' of the Sonnets, then, the person who procured them for Thorpe? I cannot think so, there is special point in the choice of the word 'begetter', if the dedication be addressed to the person who inspired the poems and for whom they were written. Eternity through offspring is what Shakspeare most desires for his friend, if he will not beget a child, then he is promised eternity in verse by his poet,—in verse 'whose influence is thine, and *born of thee*' (LXXVIII). Thus was Mr. W. H. the begetter of these poems, and from the point of view of a complimentary d. " he might well be termed the *only* beget

I have no space to consider suggestions which seem to me of little weight,—that W. H. is misprint for W. S., meaning William Shaksper that ‘W. H. all’ should be read ‘W. Hall’; that a full stop should be placed after ‘witheth’ making Mr. W. H., perhaps William Herbert William Hathaway, the wisher of happiness Southampton, the only begetter (Ph. Charles and Bolton Corney); nor do I think we need argue for or against the supposition of a painful German commentator (Barnstorff), that Mr. W. H. is none other than Mr. William Himfel. When Thorpe uses the words ‘the adventurer in setting forth,’ perhaps he meant to compare himself to one of the young volunteers in the days of Elizabeth and James, who embarked on naval enterprises, hoping to make their fortune by discovery or conquest; so he with good wishes took his risk on the sea of public favour in this light venture of the Sonnets.¹

The date at which the Sonnets were written like their origin, is uncertain. In *Willobie*

¹ See Dr. Grosart's *Donne*, vol. ii. pp. 45-46.

Avisa, 1594, in commendatory verse prefixed to which occurs the earliest printed mention of Shakspeare by name, H. W. (Henry Wullobie) pining with love for *Avisa* betrays his disease to his familiar friend W. S., 'who not long before had tried the curtesy of the like passion, and was now newly recovered of the like infection'. W. S. encourages his friend in a passion which he knows must be hopeless, intending to view this 'loving Comedy' from far off, in order to learn 'whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor than it did for the old player'. From Canto XLIV to XLVIII of *Avisa*, W. S. addresses H. W. on his love-affair, and H. W. replies. It is remarkable that Canto XLVII in form and substance bears resemblance to the stanzas in 'The Passionate Pilgrim' beginning 'When as thine eye hath chose the dame'. Assuming that W. S. is William Shakspeare, we learn that he had loved unwisely, been laughed at, and recovered from the infection of his passion before the end of 1594. It seemed impossible to pass by a poem which has been described as

III. The last line of Sonnet xciv.

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds

occurs also in the play *King Edward III.* (printed 1596), in a part of the play ascribed by some critics to Shakspeare. We cannot say for certain whether the play borrows from the sonnet, or the sonnet from the play. The latter seems to me the more likely supposition of the two.

The argument for this or that date from coincidences in expression between the Sonnets and certain plays of Shakspeare has no decisive force. Coincidences may often be found between Shakspeare's late and early plays. But the general characteristics of style may lead us to believe that some Sonnets, as I.-XXIV., belong to a period not later than *Romeo & Juliet*; others, as LXIV.-LXXIV., seem to echo the sadder tone heard in *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*. I cannot think that any of the Sonnets are earlier than Daniel's 'Delia' (1592), which, I believe, supplied Shakspeare with a model for this form of verse; and, though I can allege no strong evi-

dence for the opinion, I should not be disposed to place any later than 1605.

Various attempts have been made by English, French, and German students to place the Sonnets in a new and better order, of which attempts no two agree between themselves. That the Sonnets are not printed in the Quarto, 1609, at haphazard, is evident from the fact that the *Envoi*, CXL is rightly placed; that poems addressed to a mistress follow those addressed to a friend; and that the two *Capit* and *Dup* Sonnets stand together at the close. A *careful* view makes it apparent that in the first series, I-CXL, a continuous story is continued through various stages to its termination; a more minute inspection discovers points of contact or connexion between sonnet and sonnet, and a natural sequence of thought, passion and imagery. We are in the end convinced that no arrangement which has been proposed is as good as that of the Quarto. But the force of this remark seems to me to apply with certainty only to Sonnets I-CXL. The second series, CXLVII-CLV, al-

though some of its pieces are evidently connected with those which stand near them, does not exhibit a like intelligible sequence; a better arrangement may perhaps be found; or, it may be, no possible arrangement can educe order out of the struggles between will and judgement, between blood and reason; tumult and chaos are perhaps a portion of their life and being.

A piece of evidence confirming the opinion here advanced will be found in the use of *thou* and *you* by Shakspeare as a mode of address to his friend. Why *thou* or *you* is chosen, is not always explicable; sometimes the choice seems to be determined by considerations of euphony; sometimes of rhyme; sometimes intimate affection seems to indicate the use of *you*, and respectful homage that of *thou*; but this is by no means invariable. What I would call attention to, however, as exhibiting something like order and progress in the arrangement of 1609 is this: that in the first fifty sonnets, *you* is of extremely rare occurrence, in the second fifty *you* and *thou* alternate in little groups of sonnets,

thou having still a preponderance, but now only a slight preponderance; in the remaining twenty-six, *you* becomes the ordinary mode of address, and *thou* the exception. In the sonnets to a mistress, *thou* is invariably employed. A few sonnets of the first series as LXIII.-LXVIII. have 'my love', and the third person throughout.¹

Whether idealising reality or wholly fanciful, an Elizabethan book of sonnets was—not always, but in many instances—made up of a chain or series of poems, in a designed or natural sequence, viewing in various aspects a single

¹ I cannot here present detailed statistics. *Thou* and *you* are to be considered only when addressing friend or lover, not Time, the Muse, etc. Five sets of sonnets may then be distinguished: 1. Using *thou*. 2. Using *you*. 3. Using neither, but belonging to a *thou* group. 4. Using neither, but belonging to a *you* group. 5. Using both (xix.). I had hoped that this investigation was left to form one of my gleanings. But Professor Goetke in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, March 1877, looked into the matter; his results seem to me vitiated by an arbitrary division of the sonnets using neither *thou* nor *you* into groups of eleven and twelve, and by a fantastic theory that Shakespeare wrote his sonnets in books or groups of fourteen each.

theme, or carrying on a love-story to its issue, prosperous or the reverse. Sometimes advance is made through the need of discovering new points of view, and the movement, always delayed, is rather in a circuit than straight forward. In Spenser's *Amoretti* we read the progress of love from humility through hope to conquest. In *Astrophel & Stella*, we read the story of passion struggling with untoward fate, yet at last mastered by the resolve to do high deeds :

*Sweet ! for a while give respite to my heart
Which pants as though it still would leap to thee ;
And on my thoughts give thy Lieutenantcy
To this great Cause.*

In *Parthenophil & Parthenophe* the story is of a new love supplanting an old, of hot and cold fevers, of despair, and, as last effort of the desperate lover, of an imagined attempt to subdue the affections of his cruel lady by magic art. But in reading Sidney, Spenser, Barnes, and still more Watson, Constable, Drayton, and others, although a large element of the art-poetry of the Renaissance

is common to them and Shakspeare, the student of Shakspeare's sonnets does not feel at home. It is when we open Daniel's 'Delia' that we recognise close kinship. The manner is the same, though the master proves himself of rarer imagination and less ardent temper. Diction, imagery, rhymes, and, in sonnets of like form, versification distinctly resemble those of Shakspeare. Malone was surely right when he recognised in Daniel the master of Shakspeare as a writer of sonnets—a master quickly excelled by his pupil. And it is in Daniel that we find sonnet starting from sonnet almost in Shakspeare's manner, only that Daniel often links poem with poem in more formal wise, the last or the penultimate line of one poem supplying the first line of that which immediately follows.

Let us attempt to trace briefly the sequence of incidents and feelings in the Sonnets L-CXXVI. A young man, beautiful, brilliant, and accomplished, is the heir of a great house, he is exposed to temptations of youth, and wealth, and rank. Possibly his mother desires to see him married: certainly it is the desire of his

friend. 'I should be glad if you were caught', writes Languet to Philip Sidney, 'that so you might give to your country sons like yourself'. 'If you marry a wife, and if you beget children like yourself, you will be doing better service to your country than if you were to cut the throats of a thousand Spaniards and Frenchmen'. "'Sir", said Cræsus to Cambyfes', Languet writes to Sidney, now aged twenty-four, "I consider your father must be held your better, because he was the father of an admirable prince, whereas you have as yet no son like yourself". It is in the manner of Sidney's own Cecropia that Shakspere urges marriage upon his friend.¹ 'Nature when you were first born, vowed you a woman, and as she made you child of a mother, so to do your best to be mother of a child' (Sonnet XIII. 14); 'she gave you beauty to move love; she gave you wit to know love; she gave you an excellent body to reward love;

¹ Arcadia, Lib. III. Noticed by Mr. Massé in his 'Shakespeare's Sonnets and his Private Friends', pp. 36-37.

which kind of liberal rewarding is crowned with an unspeakable felicity. For this as it bindeth the receiver, so it makes happy the bestower, this doth not impoverish, but enrich the giver (vi 6) O the comfort of comforts, to see your children grow up, in whom you are as it were eternised! . . . Have you ever seen a pure Rose-water kept in a crystal glass, how fine it looks, how sweet it smells, while that beautiful glass imprisons it! Break the prison and let the water take his own course, doth it not embrace dust, and lose all his former sweetness and fairness; truly so are we, if we have not the stay, rather than the restraint of Crystalline marriage (v); . . . And is a solitary life as good as this? then, can one string make as good music as a consort (viii.)¹.

In like manner Shakspeare urges the youth to perpetuate his beauty in offspring (i-xvii).² But if Will refuses, then his poet will make war against Time and Decay, and confer immortality

¹ Is what follows, to avoid the confusion of *he*, and *him*, I call Shakspeare's friend, as he is called in cxxxv., *Will*

upon his beloved one by *Verse* (xv.-xix.). *Will* is the pattern and exemplar of human beauty (xix.), so uniting in himself the perfections of man and woman (xx.); this is no extravagant praise but simple truth (xxi.). And such a being has exchanged love with *Shakspeare* (xxii.), who must needs be silent with excess of passion (xxiii.), cherishing in his heart the image of his friend's beauty (xxiv.), but holding still more dear the love from which no unkind fortune can ever separate him (xxv.). Here affairs of his own compel *Shakspeare* to a journey which removes him from *Will* (xxvi., xxvii.). Sleepless at night, and toiling by day, he thinks of the absent one (xxvii. xxviii.); grieving for his own poor estate (xxix.), and the death of friends, but finding in the one beloved amends for all (xxx., xxxi.); and so *Shakspeare* commends to his friend his poor verses as a token of affection which may survive if he himself should die (xxxii.). At this point the mood changes—in his absence his friend has been false to friendship (xxxiii.); now, indeed, *Will* would let the

sunshine of his favour beam out again, but that will not cure the disgrace; tears and penitence are fitter (xxxiv), and for sake of such tears *Will* shall be forgiven (xxxv), but henceforth their lives must run apart (xxxvi); Shakspeare, separated from *Will*, can look on and rejoice in his friend's happiness and honour (xxxvii.), singing his praise in verse (xxxviii), which he could not do if they were so united that to praise his friend were self-praise (xxxix); separated they must be, and even their loves be no longer one; Shakspeare can now give his love, even her he loved, to the gentle thief, wronged though he is, he will still hold *Will* dear (xl); what is he but a boy whom a woman has beguiled (xli)? and for both, for friend and mistress, in the midst of his pain, he will try to feign excuses (xlii). Here there seems to be a gap of time. The Sonnets begin again in absence, and some students have called this, perhaps rightly, the Second Absence (xliii. 599). His friend continues as dear as ever, but confidence is shaken, and a deep distrust begins

to grow (XLVIII.). What right indeed has a poor player to claim constancy and love (XLIX.)? He is on a journey which removes him from *Will* (L. LI.). His friend perhaps professes unshaken loyalty, for Shakspeare now takes heart, and praises *Will's* truth (LIII. LIV.)—takes heart, and believes that his own verse will for ever keep that truth in mind. He will endure the pain of absence, and have no jealous thoughts (LVII. LVIII.); striving to honour his friend in song better than ever man was honoured before (LIX.); in song which shall outlast the revolutions of time (LX.). Still he cannot quite get rid of jealous fears (LXI.); and yet, what right has one so worn by years and care to claim all a young man's love (LXII.)? *Will*, too, in his turn must fade, but his beauty will survive in verse (LXIII.). Alas! to think that death will take away the beloved one (LXIV.); nothing but Verse can defeat time and decay (LXV.). For his own part Shakspeare would willingly die, were it not that, dying, he would leave his friend alone in an evil world (LXVI.). Why

should one so beautiful live to grace this ill world (LXVII.) except as a survival of the genuine beauty of the good old times (LXVIII.); yet beautiful as he is, he is blamed for careless living (LIX.), but surely this must be milder (LXX.) Shakspeare here returns to the thought of his own death; when I leave this vile world, he says, let me be forgotten (LXXI. LXXII.), and my death is not very far off (LXXIII.); but when I die my spirit still lives in my verse (LXXIV.). A new group seems to begin with LXXV. Shakspeare loves his friend as a miser loves his gold, fearing it may be stolen (fearing a rival poet?). His verse is monotonous and old-fashioned (not like the rival's verse?) (LXXVI.), so he sends *Will* his manuscript book unfilled, which *Will* may fill, if he please, with verse of his own, Shakspeare chooses to sing no more of Beauty and of Time, *Will's* glass and dial may inform him henceforth on these topics (LXXVII.) The rival poet has now won the first place in *Will's* esteem (LXXVIII.-LXXXVI.). Shakspeare must bid his friend farewell (LXXXVII.) If *Will* should scorn

him, Shakspeare will side against himself (LXXXVIII. LXXXIX.). But if his friend is ever to hate him, let it be at once, that the bitterness of death may soon be past (XC.). He has dared to say farewell, yet his friend's love is all the world to Shakspeare, and the fear of losing him is misery (XCI.); but he cannot really lose his friend, for death would come quickly to save him from such grief; and yet *Will* may be false and Shakspeare never know it (XCII.); so his friend, fair in seeming, false within, would be like Eve's apple (XCIII.); it is to such self-contained, passionless persons that nature entrusts her rarest gifts of grace and beauty; yet vicious self-indulgence will spoil the fairest human soul (XCIV.). So let *Will* beware of his youthful vices, already whispered by the lips of men (XCV.); true, he makes graces out of faults, yet this should be kept within bounds (XCVI.). Here again, perhaps, is a gap of time.¹ Sonnets XCVII.-XCIX.

¹ The last two lines of XCVI.—not very appropriate I think in that sonnet—are identical with the last two lines of XXXVI. It occurs to me as a possibility that the ms. in Thorpe's hands may here have been imperfect, and that

are written in absence, which some students, perhaps rightly, call *Third Absence*. These three sonnets are full of tender affection, but at the close of xcix. allusion is made to *Will's* vices, the canker in the rose. After this followed a period of silence. In c. love begins to renew itself, and song awakes. Shakspeare excuses his silence (ci.), his love has grown while he was silent (cii.); his friend's loveliness is better than all song (ciii.), three years have passed since first acquaintance: *Will* looks as young as ever, yet time must insensibly be altering his beauty (civ.). Shakspeare sings with a monotony of love (cv.). All former singers praising knights and ladies only prophesied concerning *Will* (cvi.); grief and fear are past, the two friends are reconciled again, and both live for ever united in Shakspeare's verse (cvii). Love has conquered time and age, which destroy mere beauty of face (cviii). Shakspeare confesses his errors, but now he has returned to his home he filled it up so far as to complete xcvi. with a couplet from an earlier sonnet.

him, Shakspeare will side against himself (LXXXVIII. LXXXIX.). But if his friend is ever to hate him, let it be at once, that the bitterness of death may soon be past (XC.). He has dared to say farewell, yet his friend's love is all the world to Shakspeare, and the fear of losing him is misery (XCI.); but he cannot really lose his friend, for death would come quickly to save him from such grief; and yet *Will* may be false and Shakspeare never know it (XCII.); so his friend, fair in seeming, false within, would be like Eve's apple (XCIII.); it is to such self-contained, passionless persons that nature entrusts her rarest gifts of grace and beauty; yet vicious self-indulgence will spoil the fairest human soul (XCIV.). So let *Will* beware of his youthful vices, already whispered by the lips of men (XCV.); true, he makes graces out of faults, yet this should be kept within bounds (XCVI.). Here again, perhaps, is a gap of time.¹ Sonnets XCVII.-XCIX.

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of love (cix.), he will never wander again (cx.) and his past faults were partly caused by his temptations as a player (cxl.); he cares for no blame and no praise now except those of his friend (cxii.). Once more he is absent from his friend (Fourth Absence?), but full of loving thought of him (cxiii. cxiv.). Love has grown and will grow yet more (cxv.). Love is unconquerable by Time (cxvi.). Shakspeare confesses again his wanderings from his friend; they were tests of *Will's* constancy (cxvii.); and they quickened his own appetite for genuine love (cxviii.). Ruined love rebuilt is stronger than at first (cxix.); there were wrongs on both sides and must now be mutual forgiveness (cxx.). Shakspeare is not to be judged by the report of malicious censors (cxxi.); he has given away his friend's present of a table-book, because he needed no remembrancer (cxxii.); records and registers of time are false; only a lover's memory is to be wholly trusted, recognising old things in what seem new (cxxiii.); Shakspeare's love is not based on self-interest, and therefore is

uninfluenced by fortune (CXXIV.), nor is it founded on external beauty of form or fact, but is simple love for love's sake (CXXV.) *Will* is still young and fair, yet he should remember that the end must come at last (CXXVI.)

Thus the series of poems addressed to his friend closes gravely with thoughts of love and death. The Sonnets may be divided at pleasure into many smaller groups, but I find it possible to go on without interruption from 1 to XXVII.; from XXXII. to XLII., from XLIII. to LXXXIV.; from LXXXV. to XCVI., from XCVII. to XCIX.; from C. to CXXVI.¹

I do not here attempt to trace a continuous sequence in the Sonnets addressed to the dark-haired woman CXXVII.-CLIV.; I doubt whether such continuous sequence is to be found in them; but in the Notes some points of connexion between sonnet and sonnet are pointed out.

¹ Perhaps there is a break at LVIII. The most careful studies of the sequence of the Sonnets are Mr. Furnivall's in his preface to the *Leopold Shakspeare*, and Mr. Spalding's in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, March 1872.

Dr. Grofart, for the loan of valuable books ; Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, for a note on the date of Lintott's reprint ; Mr. Hart, for several ingenious suggestions ; Dr. Ingleby, for some guidance in the matter of Shakspeare portraiture ; and Mr. L. C. Purser, for translations of the Greek epi-

TO THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF
THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .
M^r. W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .
AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .
PROMISED
BY .
OVR EVER-LIVING POET .
WISHETH .
THE WELL-WISHING .
ADVENTVRER . IN
SETTING .
FORTH .

T. T.



L

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buryest thy content
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding
Pny the world, or else thus glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
 dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
 be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held :
n being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
 ere all the treasure of thy lusty days,
say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
 ere an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
v much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
 thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
 ll sum my count and make my old excuse,'
 ving his beauty by succession thine !
This were to be new made when thou art old,
 and see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free:
Then, Beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive:
Then how, when Nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel,
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there,
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was;
But flowers distill'd, though they with
Leese but their show, their substan
sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd :
Make sweet some vial ; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan ;
That 's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one ;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee ;
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity ?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

o, in the orient when the gracious light
 lifts up his burning head, each under eye
 doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
 serving with looks his sacred majesty,
 and having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
 resemling strong youth in his middle age,
 yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
 attending on his golden pilgrimage,
 but when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
 like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
 from his low tract, and look another way
 So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son

VIII.

Mufic to hear, why hear'ft thou mufic fadly ?
Sweets with fweets war not, joy delights in joy :
Why loveft thou that which thou receiv'ft not gladly,
Or elfe receiv'ft with pleasure thine annoy ?
If the true concord of well-tuned founds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In finglenefs the parts that thou fhouldft bear.
Mark how one ftring, fweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering ;
Refembling fire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do fing :
Whofe fpeechlefs fong, being many, feeming one,
Sings this to thee : 'Thou fingle wilt prove none.'

IX.

It for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consumest thyself in single life?
Alas if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
Then every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrif in the world doth spend
On his but his place, for still the world enjoys it,
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And, kept unused, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lovest is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest,
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
Thou may'st call thine when thou from youth con-
Hertin lives wisdom, beauty and increase, [vertest
Without this, folly, age and cold decay.
If all were minded so, the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world away
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless and rude, barrenly perish.
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more,
Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish;
She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white ;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow ; [fence
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make de-
 Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live :
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give :
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination, then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthinks! Dear my love, you know
You had a father : let your son say so

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You had a father - let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck ;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality ;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find :
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art
As ' Truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert ;'
Or else of thee this I prognosticate :
' Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.'

IV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment,
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vant in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory,
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night,
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rime?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
 To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
 Where fill'd with your most high deserts?
 Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb,
 Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
 I could write the beauty of your eyes
 In fresh numbers number all your graces,
 Age to come would say 'This poet lies,
 Heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'
 Would my papers, yellowed with their age,
 Turn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,
 Your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
 And stretch'd metre of an antique song?
 Were some child of yours alive that time,
 He should live twice, in it and in my time.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade;
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood,
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood,
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets,
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen,
Him in thy course unstained do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men
Yet do thy worst, old Time, despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young

XX.

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;
A man in hue all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created ;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

it with me as with that Muse
a painted beauty to his verse,
when itself for ornament doth use
to fair with his fair doth rehearse,
a complement of proud compare,
and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
his first-born flowers, and all things rare
then's air in this huge rondure hems,
O, true in love, but truly write,
believe me, my love is as fair
another's child, though not so bright
gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :
I can say more that like of bear-say well ;
not praise that purpose not to sell

XXII.

My glafs fhall not perfuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days fhould expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the feemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me :
How can I then be elder than thou art ?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself fo wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will ;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep fo chary
As tender nurfe her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart when mine is flain ;
Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

XIII.

an unperfect actor on the stage,
 who with his fear is put besides his part,
 or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
 whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,
 O, I, for fear of trust, forget to say
 the perfect ceremony of love's rite,
 and in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
 overcharged with burthen of mine own love's might.
 O, let my books be then the eloquence
 and dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
 who plead for love, and look for recompense,
 more than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
 O, learn to read what silent love hath writ
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath steal'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart ;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill
To find where your true image pictured lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine face
Are windows to my breast, where-through the
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee ;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their
They draw but what they see, know not the

XIV

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
While I, whose fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die
The painful warrior famouſed for fight,
After a thousand victories once ſold,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written ambassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit :
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it ;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me 'worthy of thy sweet respect :
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst
 prove me.

XXVII.

Wearied with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired,
But then begins a journey in my head
To work my mind, when body's work's expired.
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Imend a jealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night heweous and her old face new
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd;
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee?
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem
stronger.

LXX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 all alone beweepe my outcast state.
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least,
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate :
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

~~many~~
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXI

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
 And there reigns Love, and all Love's loving
 And all those friends which I thought buried.
 How many a holy and obsequious tear
 Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
 Of interest of the dead, which now appear
 Things removed that hidden in thee be!
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 And with the trophies of my lovers gone,
 From all their parts of me to thee did give,
 And mine alone now is thine alone.
 Their images I loved I view in thee,
 And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white ;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow ; [fence
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make de-
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

SONNETS.

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I ſummon up remembrance of things paſt,
I ſigh the lack of many a thing I fought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waſte
Then can I drown an eye, unuſed to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateleſs night,
And weep aſreſh love's long ſince cancell'd woe,
And moan the expenſe of many a vaniſh'd ſight :
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The ſad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

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All loſſes are reſtored and forrowe read, his

SONNETS.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one :
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which, though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Nor my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name :
But do not so ; I love thee in such sort
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

SONNETS.

XXXVII.

As a decrept father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, truth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store.
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed
And by a part of all thy glory live
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee
This wish I have ; then ten times happy am

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'lt into my
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rimers invoke;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me ?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ?
And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee ?
Even for thus let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deserveest alone
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain !

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all ;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call ;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest ;
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;
And yet love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites ; yet we must not be foes.

XII.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For full temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth, —
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way ;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee ;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah, thought kills me that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan ;
 Receiving nought by elements so slow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide,
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me.

This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight ;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart ;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part :
As thus ; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other :
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart ,
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest.
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me ,
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them and they with thee ,
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under trueſt bars to thruſt,
That to my uſe it might unuſed ſtay
From hands of falſehood, in ſure wards of truſt
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Moſt worthy comfort, now my greateſt grief,
Thou, beſt of deareſt and mine only care,
Art leſt the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any cheſt,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle cloſure of my breaſt,
From whence at pleaſure thou mayſt come and part ;
And even thence thou wilt be ſtol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize ſo dear.

SONNETS.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee crown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects ;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely part
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye
When love, converted from the thing it was
Shall reasons find of settled gravity ;
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part .
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!'
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind:
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed -
From where thou art why should I haste me thence
Till I return, of posting is no need
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no motion shall I know .
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh, no dull flesh in his fiery race ,
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade, —
‘ Since from thee going he went woful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run and give him leave to go

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour, which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses :
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade ;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth.

LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful time ;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom
So, till the judgement that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes

SONNETS.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
 To-morrow sharp'ned in his former might :
 So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
 Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
 Return of love, more blest may be the view ;
 Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
 more rare.

ing your slave, what should I do but tend
 on the hours and times of your desire ?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 For services to do, till you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
 When you have bid your servant once adieu ;
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
 Where, where you are how happy you make those.
 So true a fool is love that in your will,
 Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

SONNETS.

LVIII.

at god forbid that made me first your slave,
Should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty ;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check.
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will ; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
 Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
 The second burthen of a former child !
 O, that record could with a backward look,
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
 Show me your image in some antique book,
 Since mind at first in character was done !
 That I might see what the old world could say
 To this composed wonder of your frame ;
 Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they,
 Or whether revolution be the same.

O, sure I am, the wits of former days
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled fh
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
Each changing place with that which goes before
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish fet on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.


Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

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From me far off, with others all too near.



LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part ;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account ;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read ;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
 With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
 When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
 With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
 Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
 And all those beauties whereof now he's king
 Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
 Stealing away the treasure of his spring,
 For such a time do I now fortify
 Against confounding age's cruel knife,
 That he shall never cut from memory
 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
 His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
 And they shall live, and be in them *as fresh*

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
 The rich-proud coast of outworn buried age ;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss and loss with store ;
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay ;
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminatè,
 That Time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot choise
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

SONNETS.

LIV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'erthrows their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVII.

Ah, wherefore with infection should he live
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeming of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she has
In days long since, before these last is past

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow ;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head ;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay :
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new ;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.



LXX.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure, unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charged ;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarged :
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe

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LIII.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the soft sighs that
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest words, I cry
 Nay, if you read this line, remember me
 The hand that was thus writ in love's decree
 That I in your sweet bosom may be kept
 If thinking on me thus should make you weep
 O, if I live, you look upon the verse
 When I perhaps complained of some harm
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my death be dumb
 Lest the vile world should mock me even so dead,
 And mock you with me even so laid

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou see'st the twilight of each day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceivest, which makes my love more
 strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV.

But be contented : when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee :
The earth can have but earth, which is his due,
My spirit is thine, the better part of me :
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead ;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that is that which it contains
And that is this, and this with thee remain

LXXV

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the grove
 And for the peace of you I hold rich store
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found,
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
 Doubting the filing age will steal his treasure,
 Now counting best to be without you, and
 Then better'd that the world may see me pine
 Sometime, all full with fearing on your sight,
 And by and by clean starved for a look,
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,
 Save what is had or must from you be took
 Thus do I pine and suffer day by day
 Or glom'ring on all, or all away

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did proceed
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glafs will ſhow thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waſte ;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayſt thou taſte.
The wrinkles which thy glafs will truly ſhow
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory ;
Thou by thy dial's ſhady ſtealth mayſt know
Time's thievish progreſs to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain
Commit to theſe waſte blanks, and thou ſhalt find
Thoſe children nurſed, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind
 Theſe offices, ſo oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

SONNETS.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse
And found such fair assistance in my verse
As every alien pen hath got my use
And under thee their poetry disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Added feathers to the learned's wing
Given grace a double majesty.
Be most proud of that which I compile,
No influence is thine and born of thee :
Others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

SONNETS.

LXXII.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour, beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek, he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live
Then thank him not for that which he doth i
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pa

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LXXX.

how I faint when I of you do write,
knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
and in the praise thereof spends all his might,
to make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
I am as humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My tiny bark, inferior far to his,
And your broad main doth wilfully appear.
My shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Till he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
And being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
And of tall building and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this; my love was my decay.

LXXX

Or I shall live your epiph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die :
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you embombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead ;
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouth
of men.

SONNETS.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your f:
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My faucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth r
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat
He of tall building and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this; my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die :
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When all the breathers of this world are dead ;
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths
of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love ; yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathised
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend ;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood ; in thee it is abused.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting let;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt.
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being exact, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impose,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb,
For I impair not beauty being true
When others would give life and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in paint devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most ? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you ?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory ;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises
worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
Deserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
Think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And, like unlettered clerk, still cry 'Amen'
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen
Hearing you praised, I say 'Tis so, 'tis true,'
And to the most of praise add something more,
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

SONNETS

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LXXV.

thou art too dear for my possessing,
though thou know'st the estimate
of thy worth gives thee releasing,
thou art all determine
I hold thee but by thy granting;
inches where is my deterring?
I thus see gift in me is wanting,
I want back again is wanting (17.
I grieve, thy own worth then not know-
ing thou gavest it, else making,
I gift, upon mispension growing,
I again, on better judgment making
it I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
a king, but waking no such matter

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXII.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence :
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace, knowing thy will.
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange,
Be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now ;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-lost :
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come : so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might ;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

XC.

me glory in their birth, some in their skill,
me in their wealth, some in their body's force ;
me in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;
me in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;
and every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
herein it finds a joy above the rest
if these particulars are not my measure ,
I these I better in one general best
by love is better than high birth to me,
richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
of more delight than hawks or horses be ,
and having thee, of all men's pride I boast :
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away and me most wretched make.

XCII.

do thy worst to steal thyself away,
term of life thou art assured mine;
d life no longer than thy love will stay,
r it depends upon that love of thine.
hen need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband, so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell,
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

SONNETS.

xciv.

They that have power to hurt and will do none;
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deed
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name !
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose !
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise,
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see !
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege ;
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness ;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport ;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less :
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate !
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state !
But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

SONNETS.

XCVII

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !
 What old December's bareness every where !
 And yet this time removed was summer's time ;
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit,
 For summer and his pleasures want on thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute :
 Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

SONNETS.

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide [(m)
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair,
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair,
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath.
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death
 More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
 But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

CL.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed ?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends ,
So dost thou too, and therein dignified
Make answer, Muse wilt thou not haply say,
' Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd ,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay ,
But best is best, if never intermix'd ' ?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb ?
Excuse not silence so , for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb
And to be praised of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse , I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seem-
I love not less, though less the show appear : [ing ;
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days :
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

cm

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside !
O, blame me not, if I no more can write !
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well ?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell,
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived ;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stan-
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived :
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence,
Therefore my verse, to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference
'Fair, kind, and true,' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true,' varying to other words,
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords
 'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived alone,
Which three all now never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rime
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have express'd
 Even such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing;
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

*make out by men
 apparently
 in a few
 of others*

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor time,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes ;
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain, that ink may character,
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CLX

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie.
That is my home of love if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good,
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose, in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
Made old offences of affections new; [dear,
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the b
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXL

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand
Pay me then and with I were renew'd.
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Poisons of eisel, 'gainst my strong infection,
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction
Pay me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pay is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impressi^on fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my t
For what care I who calls me well or ill
So you o'er-green my bad, my good all
—y all the world, and I must st...
my shames and praises from your t
to me, nor I to none alive,
steel'd sense or changes right or w
found abyss I throw all care
s' voices, that my adder's sense
c and to flatterer stopped are.
ow with my neglect I do dispense:
are so strongly in my purpose bred
it all the world besides methinks the

SONNETS.

11

CXIII.

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out,
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch.
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye faith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greein'
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer :
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer,
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?
Love is a babe, then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which full doth grow

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark, [taken,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending fickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus . that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;
That I have frequent been with unknown mounds,
And given to time your own dear-purchased right ;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate ,
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate ;
 Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying love,
To bitter fauces did I frame my feeding;
And sick of welfare found a kind of meet
To be diseased, ere that there was true need
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults aff
And brought to medicine a healthful state
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be
But thence I learn, and find the lesson
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of y

CXX.

That you were once unkind befriended me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you 've pass'd a hell of time ;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits !
But that your trespass now becomes a fee ;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed,
When not to be receives reproach of being ;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing .
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood ?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good ?
No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own :
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel ;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown ;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity :
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist ;
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score ;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more :
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change :
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost soot upon us that is old ,
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
 'This I do vow, and thus shall ever be,
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CIXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or bid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple favour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art
But mutual render, only me for thee

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music
Upon that blessed wood whose motion
With thy sweet fingers, when thou ge
The wiry concord that mine ear conso
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that
At the wood's boldness by thee blushir
To be so tickled, they would change th
And situation with those dancing chips
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gen
Making dead wood more blest than liv
Since saucy jacks so happy are in th
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips

CXXIX.

The expence of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action, and ull action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad.
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so,
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme,
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe,
Before, a joy proposed, behind, a dream. [well
All this the world well knows; yet none knows
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red :
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound :
I grant I never saw a goddess go,
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground :
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan.
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witnesses bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgement's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this *And* — as I think — proceeds

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace
And suit thy pity like in every part.

Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me !
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be ?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed :
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol :
And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free.
For thou art covetous and he is kind;
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.

Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus ;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store ,
So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*
One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.

Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill ,
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy foul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none :
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy store's account I one must be ;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lovest me, for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue :
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told.
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart,
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art
Tell me thou lovest elsewhere, but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy
might

Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah, my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries
Yet do not so, but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel ; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain ;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so ;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know ;
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee :
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.

That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart
go wide.

CXL.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note,
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view, is pleased to dote,
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone.
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

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CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still.
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell :
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate,'
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom,
And taught it thus anew to greet;
'I hate' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away;
'I hate' from hate away she threw
And saved my life, saying — 'Not y

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
[Press'd by] these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

SONNETS.

CXLVII

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease ;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except
Last cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest,
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
Scotched with random from the truth, vainly express'd ,
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thy face
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night. [br]

CXIII.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forget
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?

But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind,
Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind.

CL.

, from what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Thence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

CII.

Love is too young to know what conscience is ;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love ?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove :
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason ,
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love ; flesh stays no farther reason,
But rising at thy name doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjured most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleep :
 A maid of Dian's thus advantage found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly sleep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
 A dateless lively heat, full to endure,
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure
 But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ,
 I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
 But found no cure the bath for my help less
 Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress from

NOTES

NOTES.

1 The theme of this and other early sonnets is similarly treated in *Venus & Adonis*, ll 162-174:—

*Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear.
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty
Thou wast begot, to get it is thy duty*

*Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou seed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,*

6. Self-substantial fuel, fuel of the substance of the flame itself.

12. *Makest waste in niggarding* Compare *Romeo & Juliet*, Act 1 sc 1, l 223 —.

BEN. *Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?*
ROM. *She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste*

13, 14 Pay the world, or else be a glutton devouring the world's due, by means of the grave

(which will swallow your beauty—compare Sonnet LXXVII. 6, and note), and of yourself, who refuse to beget offspring. Compare *All's Well*, Act I. sc. 1, Parolles speaking, 'Virginity . . . consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach'. Steevens proposed '*be thy grave and thee*', *i.e.* be at once thyself and thy grave.

II. In Sonnet I. the Friend is 'contracted to his own bright eyes'; such a marriage is fruitless, and at forty the eyes will be 'deep-sunken'. The 'glutton' of I. reappears here in the phrase 'all-eating shame'; the 'makest waste' of I. reappears in the 'thriftless praise' of II. If the youth addressed were now to marry, at forty he might have a son of his present age, *i.e.* about twenty.

8. *Thriftless praise*, unprofitable praise.

11. *Shall sum my count and make my old excuse*, shall complete my account, and serve as the excuse of my oldness. Hazlitt reads *whole excuse*.

III. A proof by example of the truth set forth in II. Here is a parent finding in a child the excuse for age and wrinkles. But here that parent is the mother. Were the father of Shakspeare's friend living, it would have been natural to mention him; XIII. 14 'you had a father' confirms our impression that he was dead.

There are two kinds of mirrors—first, that of glass; secondly, a child who reflects his parent's beauty.

5. *Uncar'd*, unploughed. Compare the Dedic-

sonnet is that of usury, which reappears in vi. 5, 6.

3. So *Measure for Measure*, Act I. sc. 1, ll. 36-41.

*Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.*

Compare with this sonnet the arguments put into the mouth of *Comus* by Milton: *Comus*, 679-684 and 720-727.

4. *Free*, liberal.

8. *Live*, subsist. With all your usury you have not a livelihood, for, trafficking only with yourself, you put a cheat upon yourself, and win nothing by such usury.

14. *Th' executor*, Malone reads 'thy executor'.

V. In Sonnets v. vi. youth and age are compared to the seasons of the year: in vii. they are compared to morning and evening, the seasons of the day.

1. *Hours*, a dissyllable, as in *The Tempest*, Act v. l. 4.

2. *Gaze*, object gazed at, as in *Macbeth*, Act v. sc. 8, l. 24.

4. *Unfair*, deprive of beauty; not elsewhere used by Shakspeare, but in Sonnet cxxvii. we find 'Fairing the soul'.

9. *Summer's distillation*, perfumes made from flowers. Compare Sonnet liv. and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I. sc. 1, ll. 76, 77:—

14. *Leese*, lose.

VI. This sonnet carries on the thoughts of iv. and v.—the distilling of perfumes from v., and the interest paid on money lent from iv.

5. *Use*, interest. Compare with this sonnet the solicitation of Adonis by Venus, ll 767, 768.

*Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.*

And *Merchant of Venice*, Act I. sc. 3, ll. 70-97.

Greek word for interest (*τόκος*, from *τίκτω*, I beget) was probably connected with this delusion.

Lecky: *Hist. of Rationalism in Europe*, chap. vi. note.

13. *Self-will'd*, Debus conjectures, 'self-kill'd'.

VII. After imagery drawn from summer and winter, Shakspeare finds new imagery in morning and evening.

3. *Each under eye*. Compare *The Winter's Tale*, Act iv. sc. 2, l. 40.—'I have eyes under my service'.

5. *Sleep-up heavenly* Mr. W J Craig suggests that Shakspeare may have written 'sleep up-heavenly'

7, 8. Compare *Romeo & Juliet*, Act I sc. 1, ll 125, 126.—

*Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east.*

10. *He reeleth from the day*; Compare *Romeo & Juliet*, A& II. sc. 3, l. 3:—

*Flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path.*

11, 12. Compare *Timon of Athens*, A& I. sc. 2, l. 150:—

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

13. *Thyself, etc.*, passing beyond your zenith.

VIII. In the Additional MS. 15,226, British Museum, is a copy, written in James I.'s reign, of this Sonnet.

1. *Thou, whom to hear is music, why, etc.* Compare *The Merchant of Venice*, A& V. sc. 1, l. 69: 'I am never merry when I hear sweet music'.

8. *Bear*. Staunton proposes *share*.

13, 14. Perhaps an allusion to the proverbial expression that one is no number. Compare Sonnet cxxxvi., 'Among a number one is reckon'd none'. Since many make but one, one will prove also less than itself, that is, will prove none.

IX. The thought of married happiness in VII.—husband, child, and mother united in joy—suggests its opposite, the grief of a weeping widow. 'Thou single wilt prove none' of VIII. 14, is carried on in 'consum'st thyself in single life' of IX. 2.

4. *Makeless*, companionless.

12. *Ufer*. Sewell has *us'rer*.

X. The 'murderous shame' of ix. 14 reappears in the 'For shame'! and 'murderous hate' of x. In ix. Shakspeare denies that his friend loves any one; he carries on the thought in the opening of x., and this leads up to his friend's love of Shakspeare, which is first mentioned in this sonnet.

7, 8. Seeking to bring to ruin that house (*i.e.* family), which it ought to be your chief care to repair. These lines confirm the conjecture that the father of Shakspeare's friend was dead. See Sonnet xiii. 9-14. Compare 3 *King Henry vi*, Act v. sc. 1, ll. 83, 84:—

*I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together*

and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v. sc. 4, ll. 9-11.

9. *O change, etc.* O be willing to marry and beget children that I may cease to think you a being devoid of love

XI. The first five lines enlarge on the thought (x. 14) of beauty living 'in thine', showing how the beauty of a child may be called *thine*

2. *Departest, leavest* 'Ere I depart his house', *King Lear*, Act iii. sc. 5, l. 1.

4. *Convertest, dost alter, or turn away* Compare Sonnet xiv. 12:—

If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert

7. *The times, the generations of men*

So Daniel: *Delia*, Sonnet xxx. (on *Delia's* eyes):—

*Stars are they sure, whose motions rule desires ;
And calm and tempest follow their aspects.*

6. *Pointing*. 'Write' *Pointing*, i.e. appointing ; or at least so understand the word. *Tarquin & Lucrece*, stanza cxxvi. :—

" *Whorver plots the sin, thou [Opportunity] point'st
the season*". W. S. WALKER.

8. *Oft predict*, frequent prognostication. Sewell (ed. 2) reads 'By aught predict'.

9, 10. Compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv. sc. 3, ll. 350-353 :—

*From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.*

10-14. I introduce the inverted commas before *truth* after *convert*, before *Thy* and after *date*.

10. *Read such art*, gather by reading such truths of science as the following.

12. *Store*, see note on xi. 9.

Convert, rhyming here with 'art'; so in Daniel, *Delia*, Sonnet xi. 'convert' rhymes with 'heart'.

XV. Introduces *Verse* as an antagonist of *Time*. The stars in xiv. determining weather, plagues, dearths, and fortune of princes reappear in xv. 4, commenting in secret influence on the shows of this world.

5. *Leſs false in rolling.* Compare Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, B. III. c. i. s. 41 :—

*Her wanton eyes (ill ſignes of womanhed)
Did roll too lightly.*

8. In the Quarto, 'A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling'. The italics and capital letter ſuggeſted to Tyrwhitt that more is meant here than meets the eye, that the Sonnets may have been addreſſed to ſome one named Hews or Hughes, and that Mr. W. H. may be Mr. William Hughes. But the following words have alſo capital letters and are in italics :—*Rose* I. 2 ; *Audit* IV. 12 ; *Statues* LV. 5 ; *Intrim* LVI. 9 ; *Alien* LXXVIII. 3 ; *Satire* C. 11 ; *Autumne* CIV. 5 ; *Abiſme* CXII. 9 ; *Alcumie* CXIV. 4 ; *Syren* CXIX. 1 ; *Heriticke* CXXIV. 9 ; *Informer* CXXV. 13 ; *Audite* CXXVI. 11 ; *Quietus* CXXVI. 12. The word 'hue' was uſed by Elizabethan writers not only in the ſenſe of *complexion*, but alſo in that of *ſhape, form*. In *Faerie Queene*, B. V. c. ix. ſſ. 17, 18, Talus tries to ſeize Malengin, who tranſforms himſelf into a fox, a buſh, a bird, a ſtone, and then a hedgehog :—

*Then gan it [the hedgehog] run away incontinent
Being returned to his former hew.*

The meaning of lines 7, 8 in this Sonnet then may be 'A man in form and appearance, having the maſtery over all forms in that of his, which ſteals, etc.' With the phraſe 'controlling hues' compare Sonnet CVI. 8 :—

Even ſuch a beauty as you maſter now.

4. *Perspective*. Perspective meant a cunning picture, which seen directly seemed in confusion and seen obliquely became an intelligible composition; also a glass so cut as to produce optical illusion. See *King Richard II.*, Act II. sc. 2, l. 18. But here does it not simply mean that a painter's highest art is to produce the illusion of distance, one thing seeming to lie behind another? you must look *through* the painter (my eye or myself) to see your picture, the product of his skill, which lies within him (in my heart).

The strange conceits in this sonnet are paralleled in Constable: *Diana* (1594); Sonnet 5, (p. 4, ed. Hazlitt):—

*Thine eye, the glasse where I behold my heart,
 Mine eye, the window through the which thine eye
 May see my heart, and there thyselfe espy
 In bloody colours how thou painted art.*

Compare also Watson's 'The Teares of Fancie', (1593), Sonnets 45, 46 (Thomas Watson, Poems, ed. Arber, p. 201):—

*My Mistres seeing her faire counterfet
 So sweetelie framed in my bleeding brest*

But it so fast was fixed to my heart, etc.

XXV. In this sonnet Shakspeare makes his first complaint against Fortune, against his low condition. He is about to undertake a journey on some needful business of his own (xxvi. xxvii.), and rejoices to think that at least in one place he has a fixed abode, in his friend's heart (l. 14).

Thoughts of the cruelty of Fortune reappear and become predominant in XXIX-XXXI.

6. The marigold: Compare Constable: Diana; Sonnet 9:—

*The marigold abroad his leaves doth spread
Because the sun's and her power are the same,*

and Lucrece, l. 397

There are three plants which claim to be the old Marigold: 1. The marsh marigold, this does not open and close its flowers with the sun. 2. The corn marigold; there is no proof that this was called marigold in Shakspeare's day. 3. The garden marigold or Ruddes (*calendula officinalis*), it turns its

forefathers. (Condensed from 'Marigold', in Eli-combe's 'Plant Lore and Garden Craft of Shakspeare')

9 *Famouſed for ſight* The Quarto reads *ſer worth*. The emendation is due to Theobald, who 'likewiſe propoſed if *worth* was retained to read *razed forth*'.—Malone Capell ſuggeſted *for night*.

XXVI. In xxv. Shakspeare is in diſſavour with his ſtars, and unwillingly—as I ſuppoſe—about to undertake ſome needful journey. He now ſends this written embaſſage to his friend (perhaps it is the *Envoy* to the preceding group of ſonnets), and dares to anticipate a time when the 'ſtar that guides his moving', now unfavourable, may point on him graciously with fair aſpect (l. 10)

Drake writes (*Shakspeare and His Times*, vol. ii. p. 63):—‘Perhaps one of the most striking proofs of this position [that the Sonnets are addressed to the Earl of Southampton] is the hitherto unnoticed fact that the language of the *Dedication to the Rape of Lucrece*, and that of part of the *twenty-sixth sonnet* are almost precisely the same. The *Dedication* runs thus:—The *love* I dedicate to your Lordship is without end. . . . The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part of all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater’. C. [Capell] had previously noted the parallel.

1, 2. Compare *Macbeth*, Act III. sc. 1, ll. 15-18, ‘Duties . . . knit’.

8. *Bestow it*, lodge it. As in *The Tempest*, Act v. l. 299:—

Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Shakspeare says—I hope some happy idea of yours will convey my duty, naked as it is, into your soul’s thought.

12. *Thy sweet respect*, regard. The Quarto reads *their* for *thy*, an error which occurs several times.

XXVII. Written on a journey, which removes Shakspeare farther and farther from his friend.

3. Modern edd. put a comma after ‘head’. But is not the construction ‘a journey in my head begins to work my mind’?

—

—

does not weaken my sorrows, for my night-thoughts come to make my sorrows as strong as before, nay stronger. C. [Capell] suggested to Malone 'draw my sorrows stronger . . . length seem longer'.

XXIX. These are the night-thoughts referred to in the last line of xxviii.; hence a special appropriateness in the image of the lark rising at break of day.

8. *With what I most enjoy contented least.* The preceding line makes it not improbable that Shakspeare is here speaking of his own poems.

12. *Sings hymns at heaven's gate.* Compare *Cymbeline*, A& II. sc. 3, ll. 21, 22 :—

*Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise.*

Lyly: *Campaspe*, A& v. sc. 1 :—

*How at heaven's gates she [the lark] claps her wings,
The morne not waking till shee sings.*

XXX. Sonnet xxix. was occupied with thoughts of *present* wants and troubles; xxx. tells of thoughts of past griefs and losses.

1, 2. Compare *Othello*, A& III. sc. 3, ll. 138-141, 'apprehensions . . . in session sit'.

6. *Dateless*, endless, as in Sonnet CLIII., 'a dateless, lively heat, still to endure'.

8. *Moan the expense.* Schmidt explains *expense* as loss, but does not 'moan the expense' mean *pay my account of moans for*? The words are explained by what follows :—

4. *Lover*, commonly used by Elizabethan writers generally for *one who loves* another, without reference to the special passion of love between man and woman. In *Coriolanus*, Act v. sc. 2, l. 13, Menenius says:—

I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover.

‘Ben Jonson concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne, by telling him that he is his “ever true lover”; and Drayton, in a letter to Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, informs him that Mr. Joseph Davies is *in love* with him’.—MALONE.

5, 6. May we infer from these lines (and 10) that Shakspeare had a sense of the wonderful progress of poetry in the time of Elizabeth?

7. *Reserve*, preserve; so *Pericles*, Act iv. sc. 1, l. 40, ‘*Reserve* that excellent complexion’.

XXXIII. A new group seems to begin with this sonnet. It introduces the wrongs done to Shakspeare by his friend.

4. Compare *King John*, Act iii. sc. 1, ll. 77-80:—

The glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist, etc.

6. *Rack*, a mass of vapoury clouds.

‘The winds in the upper region, which move the clouds above (which we call the *rack*),’ Bacon, *Sylva Sylvarum*, § 115, p. 32, ed. 1658 (quoted by Dyce, *Glossary* under *rack*). Compare with 5, 6, 1 *King Henry* iv., Act i. sc. 2, ll. 221-227:—

See also Sonnet cxxxiii. addressed to his lady, in which Shakspeare speaks of himself as 'crossed' by her robbery of his friend's heart; and Sonnet cxxxiv. l. 13, 'Him have I lost'.

XXXV. The 'tears' of xxxiv. suggest the opening. Moved to pity, Shakspeare will find guilt in himself rather than in his friend.

5, 6. *And even I, etc.*, and even I am faulty in this, that I find precedents for your misdeed by comparisons with roses, fountains, sun, and moon.

7. *Salving thy amifs*, Shakspeare's friend offers a salve, xxxiv. ; see also cxx. 12 ; here Shakspeare in his turn tries to 'salve' his friend's wrong-doing. Capell proposes 'corrupt in salving'.

8. The word *thy* in this line is twice printed *their* in the Quarto. Steevens explains the line thus:— 'Making the excuse more than proportioned to the offence'. Stanton proposes 'more than thy sins bear', i.e. I bear more sins than thine.

9. *In sense*, Malone proposed *incense*. Sense here means reason, judgment, discretion. If we receive the present text, 'thy adverse party' (l. 10) must mean Shakspeare. But may we read:—

For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense, [i.e. judgment, reason]

Thy adverse party, as thy advocate.

Sense—against which he has offended—brought in as his advocate?

14. *Sweet thief, etc.*, compare Sonnet xl. :—

I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief.

XXXVI. According to the announcement made in xxxv, Shakspeare proceeds to make himself out the guilty party.

1. *We two must be twain.* So *Troilus & Cressida*, Act III. sc. 1, l. 110, 'She 'll none of him, they two are twain'.

5. *Respect*, regarded, as in *Coriolanus*, Act III. sc. 3, l. 112.

6. *Separable spite.* 'A cruel fate, that spitefully separates us from each other. *Separable* for *separating*'.--MALONE.

9. *Evermore*, 'Perhaps ever more'.--W. S. WALKER.

10. *My bewailed guilt* Explained by Spalding and others as 'the blots that remain with Shakspeare on account of his profession' as an actor. But perhaps the passage means 'I may not claim you as a friend, lest my relation to the dark woman--now a matter of grief--should convict you of faithlessness in friendship'.

12. *That honour*, i.e. the honour which you give me.

13, 14. These lines are repeated in Sonnet xcvi.

XXXVII. Continues the thought of xxxvi 13, 14.

3. *I, made lame* Compare Sonnet lxxxix.:—

Speak of my lameness and I straight will halt.

Shakspeare uses 'to lame' in the sense of 'disable', here the worth and truth of his friend are set over against the lameness of Shakspeare; the lameness then

is metaphorical; a disability to join in the joyous movement of life, as his friend does. In *King Lear*, Act iv. sc. 6, l. 225, the Quartos read 'A most poor man made *lame* by fortune's blows'. Capell and others conjectured that Shakspeare was literally lame.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven.

7. *Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit.* T Quarto reads '*their parts*'; but the misprint *th* for *thy* happens several times. Schmidt accepts the Quarto text and explains, '*i.e.* or more excellencies having a just claim to the first place as their due'. Blundering M. Edd. *c. in thy parts*'. '*Entitled* mean I think, ennobled'.—MALONE. 'Perhaps'.—DYCE. Perhaps it means 'having a title in, having a claim upon', as in *Lucrece*, 57:—

But beauty in that white [the paleness of Lucrece
intituled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field.

XXXVIII. The same thought as that of the two preceding sonnets: Shakspeare will look on, delight in his friend, and sing his praise. In xxxvii. Shakspeare is 'ten times happy' in his friend's happiness and glory; thus he receives ten times the inspiration of other poets from his friend who is 'the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth' than the nine Muses.

XXXIX. In xxxviii. Shakspeare declares that he will sing his friend's praises, but in xxxvii. he has spoken of his friend as the better part of himself.

He now asks how he can with modesty sing the worth of his own better part. Thereupon he returns to the thought of xxxvi. 'we two must be twain', and now, not only are the two lives to be divided, but 'our dear love'—undivided in xxxvi.—must 'lose name of single one'.

12. *Doth.* The Quarto has 'doth'.

13, 14. Absence teaches how to make of the absent beloved two persons, one, absent in reality, the other, present to imagination.

XL. In xxxix. Shakspeare desires that his love and his friend's may be separated, in order that he may give his friend what otherwise he must give also to himself. Now, separated, he gives his beloved all his loves, yet knows that, before the gift, all his was his friend's by right. 'Our love losing name of single one' (xxxix. 6) suggests the manifold loves, mine and thine.

5. Then if for love of me thou receivest her whom I love.

6. *For, because.* I cannot blame thee for using my love, *i.e.* her whom I love

7, 8. The Quarto has 'this selfe' for thyself. Yet you are to blame if you deceive yourself by an unlawful union while you refuse loyal wedlock.

11. *And yet love knows it* Printed by many editors, 'And yet, love knows, it'.

XLI. The thought of xl. 13, 'Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows' is carried out in this sonnet.

1. *Pretty wrongs*. Bell and Palgrave read *petty*.
 5, 6. Compare 1 *King Henry vi.*, Act v. sc. 3,
 ll. 77, 78:—

*She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore to be won.*

8. *Till she have prevail'd*. The Quarto has 'till
he', which may be right.

9. *Thou might'st my seat forbear*. Malone reads
 'Thou might'st, my sweet, forbear'; but 'seat' is
 right, and the meaning is explained by *Othello*,
 Act II. sc. 1, l. 304, (Iago jealous of Othello):—

*I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leap'd into my seat.*

Dr. Ingleby adds, as a parallel, *Lucrece*, 412, 413.

XLII. In xli. 13, 14, Shakspeare declares that he
 loses both friend and mistress; he now goes on to
 say that the loss of his friend is the greater of the two.

10, 12. The 'loss' and 'cross' of these lines are
 spoken of in xxxiv.

11. *Both twain*. This is found also in *Love's
 Labour's Lost*, Act v. sc. 2, l. 459.

XLIII. Does this begin a new group of Sonnets?

1. *Wink*, to close the eyes, not necessarily for a
 moment, but as in sleep. Compare *Cymbeline*,
 Act II. sc. 3, ll. 25, 26:—

*And winking Mary-bads begin
 To ope their golden eyes.*

2. *Unrespected*, unregarded.

4. *And darkly, etc.* And illumined, although
 closed, are clearly directed in the darkness.

5. *Whose shadow shadows, etc.* Whose image makes bright the shades of night.

6. *Shadow's form*, the form which casts thy shadow.

11. *Thy.* The Quarto has *their*.

13, 14. *All days are nights to see, etc.* Malone proposed 'nights to me' Steevens defending the Quarto text explains it 'All days are gloomy to behold, i.e. look like nights'. Mr Lettsom proposed:—

*All days are nights to me till thee I see, (thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show me*

'To see till I see thee', is probably right in this sonnet, which has a more than common fancy for doubling a word in the same line, as in lines 4, 5, 6.

XLIV. In XLIII. he obtains sight of his friend in dreams; XLIV. expresses the longing of the waking hours to come into his friend's presence by some preternatural means

4. *Where thou dost stay* I would be brought where (i.e. to where) thou dost stay

9. *Thought kills me* Perhaps 'thought' here means melancholy contemplation, as in *Julius Caesar* Act II. sc. 1, l. 187, 'Take thought and die for Cæsar'

10. *So much of earth and water wrought* So large a proportion of earth and water having entered into my composition *Twelfth Night*, Act II. sc. 3, l. 10, 'Does not our life consist of the four elements?' *Antony & Cleopatra*, Act V. sc. 2, l. 292; *King Henry V.*, Act III. sc. 7, l. 22,

'He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but in patient stillness, etc.'

XLV. Sonnet XLIV. tells of the duller elements of earth and water; this sonnet, of the elements of air and fire.

9. *Recured*, restored to wholeness and soundness. *Venus & Adonis*, l. 465.

12. *Thy fair health*. The Quarto has *thy*.

XLVI. As XLIV. and XLV. are a pair of companion sonnets, so are XLVI. and XLVII. The theme of the first pair is the opposition of the four elements in the person of the poet; the theme of the second pair is the opposition of the heart and the eye, of love and the senses.

3. *Thy picture's fight*. The Quarto has *thy* also in lines 8, 13, 14.

10. *A quest of thoughts*, an inquest or jury.

12. *Moiety*, portion.

XLVII. Companion sonnet to the last.

3. *Famished for a look*. Compare Sonnet 10.

10. *So Comedy of Errors*, Act II. sc. 1, l. 88.

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

10. *Art present*. The Quarto has *are*.

11, 12. *Not*. Quarto *nor*. The same theme which appears in XLV.

XLIX. Continues the sad strain with which XLVIII. closes.

3. *Cast his utmost sum*, closed his account and cast up the sum total.

4. *Advised respects*, deliberate, well-considered reasons. So *King John*, Act iv. sc. 2, l. 214.

8. *Reasons*, i.e. for its conversion from the thing s.

Enfconce, 'protect or cover as with a sconce it'.—DYCE.

1. *Desert*. Quarto *desart*, rhyming with *part*.

This sonnet and the next are a pair, as XLIV. are, and XLVI. XLVII. The journey l. 1 is spoken of in XLVIII. l. 1.

Dully. The Quarto has *duly*, but compare, 'my dull bearer', and l. 11, 'no dull flesh'.

1. Companion to L.

Swift extremity, the extreme of swiftness. So *eth*, Act i. sc. 4, l. 17:—

Swiftest wing of recompence is slow.

Mounted on the wind. So 2 *King Henry iv*. *tion*, l. 4, 'Making the wind my post-horse'. Compare *Cymbeline*, Act iii. sc. 4, l. 38; *Macbeth*, sc. 7, ll. 21-23.

1. *Perfect'st*. The Quarto has *perfects*.

1. Malone and other editors print:—

Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in, etc.

Desire shall neigh, being no dull flesh, etc. But it not mean, Desire, which is all love, shall neigh,

4. *You*, although but one person, can give off all manner of shadowy images. Shakspeare then, to illustrate this, chooses the most beautiful of men, Adonis, and the most beautiful of women, Helen; both are but shadows or counterfeits (*i.e.* pictures, as in Sonnet xvi.) of the 'master-mistress' of his passion.

8. *Tires*, head-dresses, or, generally, attire.

9. *Foison*, abundance. As in *The Tempest*, A& v. sc. 1, l. 110. Compare *Antony & Cleopatra*, A& v. sc. 2, l. 86:—

For his bounty

*There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.*

12. *Blessed*. The fancy Shakspeare has taken for this word in LII. 1, 11, 13, runs on into this sonnet.

LIV. Continues the thought of LIII. There Shakspeare declared that over and above external beauty, more real than that of Helen and Adonis, his friend was pre-eminent for his constancy, his truth. Now he proceeds to show how this truth enhances the beauty.

5. *Canker-blooms*, blossoms of the dog-rose. *Much Ado about Nothing*, A& 1. sc. 3, l. 28, 'I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his race'.

8. *Discloses*, opens, as in *Hamlet*, A& 1. sc. 3, 40:—

*The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed.*

9. *For their virtue, because their virtue.* For as in *Othello*, Act III. sc. 3, l. 263, 'Haply, for I am black'.

10. *Unrespected, unregarded.*

11, 12. See the quotation from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in note on Sonnet v. 9.

14. *When that, beauty*, the general subject of the sonnet; or youth, taken from 'sweet and lovely youth' of l. 13.

Vade, fade, as in *Passionate Pilgrim*, X. 1.

By verse. So the Quarto. Malone reads 'my verse'.

LV. A continuation of LIV. This looks like an *Envoy*, but LVI. is still a sonnet of absence. See on this sonnet, Introduction, p. xlv.

1. *Monuments.* The Quarto has *monument*.

3. *These contents*, what is contained in this rhyme.

14. *Till the judgement that yourself arise*, till the decree of the judgment-day that you arise from the dead.

LVI. Thus, like the sonnets immediately preceding, is written in absence (lines 9, 10). The 'love' Shakspeare addresses, 'Sweet love, renew thy force', is the love in his own breast. Is the sight of his friend, of which he speaks, only the imaginative feeling of love; such fancied sight as two betrothed persons may have although severed by the ocean?

6. *Wink.* See note on XLIII. 1. Here, to sleep as after a full meal.

8. *Dullness.* Taken in connection with 'wink', meaning sleep, *dullness* seems to mean *drowsiness*, as

when Prospero says of Miranda's slumber (7 *Tempest*, Act 1. sc. 2, l. 185) 'Tis a good dulnes

13. *Or.* The Quarto has *As*. Mr. Palgrave reads *Else*.

LVII. The absence spoken of in this sonnet seems to be voluntary absence on the part of Shakspeare's friend.

5. *World-without-end hour*, the tedious hour that seems as if it would never end. So *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. sc. 2, l. 799, 'a world without-end bargain'.

13. *Will*. The Quarto has Will (capital 'W' but not italics). If a play on words is intended must be 'Love in your Will (*i.e.* your Will Shakspeare) can think no evil of you, do what you please and also 'Love can discover no evil in your will

LVIII. A close continuation of LVII.; grows distrust in his friend, with a determination to return such a feeling. Hence the attempt to disqualify himself for judging his friend's conduct, by taking the place of a vassal, a servant, a slave, in relation to a sovereign.

6. *The imprison'd absence of your liberty*, separation from you, which is proper to your loss of freedom, but which to me is imprisonment. the want of such liberty as you possess, which a prisoner, suffers.

8. *Tame to sufferance*, bearing tamely even a distress; or, tame even to the point of entire submission.

11. *To what you will.* Malone reads 'time : Do what you will'.

LIX. Is this connected with the preceding sonnet? or a new starting-point? Immortality conferred by verse, LIV.-LV., is again taken up in Sonnet LX. connected with LIX., and jealousy, LVII. in LXI.

8. *Since mind, etc.*, 'Since thought was first expressed in writing'.—Schmidt.

11. *Whether, etc.* 'Whether' is often monosyllabic in Elizabethan verse. In this line the Quarto prints the second 'whether' *where*; so in *Venus & Adonis*, l. 304, 'And *where* he run or fly they know not whether'. The Cambridge editors read 'Whether we are mended, or whether better they'. Dyce reads 'Whether we're mended or whar better they'.

12. *Or whether, etc.*, i.e. whether the ages, revolving on themselves, return to the same things.

LX. The thought of revolution, the revolving ages, LIX. 12, sets the poet thinking of changes wrought by time.

5. *The main of light*; The entrance of a child into the world at birth is an entrance into the main or ocean of light; the image is suggested by l. 1, where our minutes are compared to waves.

9. *Flourish set on youth*, external decoration of youth. So in Nash's *Summer's Last Will & Testament* (Hazlitt's *Dodgley*, vol. viii. p. 73), 'Folly Erasmus sets a flourish on'.

10. Compare Sonnet II. 1, 2.

13. *Times in hope*, future times.

LXI. The jealous feeling of LVII. reappears in this sonnet.

7. *Idle hours.* So in the dedication of *Venus & Adonis*, 'I . . . vowe to take advantage of all *idle hours*, till I have honoured you with some graver labour'.

11. *Defeat, destroy.* *Othello*, Act iv. sc. 2, l. 160, 'His unkindness may *defeat* my life'.

LXII. Perhaps the thought of jealousy in LXI. suggests this. 'How self-loving to suppose my friend could be jealous of such an one as I—beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity! My apology for supposing that others could make love to me is that my friend's beauty is mine by right of friendship.'

7. *And for myself, etc.* Sidney Walker conjectures '*so define*'; Lettson '*And so myself*'. Does '*for myself*' mean '*for my own satisfaction*'?

8. *As I, [define] in such a way that I.*

10. *Beated and chopp'd.* '*Beated* was perhaps a misprint for '*bated*'. '*Bated* is properly *overthrown*; *laid low*; *abated*; from *abattre*, Fr. . . . *Beated*, however, the regular participle from the verb to *beat*, may be right. . . . In *King Henry V.* we find *casted*, and in *Macbeth*, *thrusted*'.—MALONE.

Steevens conjectured *blasfed*; Collier, *beaten*. Compare *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. sc. 3, l. 32, 'These griefs and losses have so *bated* me'.

Chopp'd. Dyce reads *chapp'd*.

13. '*Tis thee, myself, etc.* 'Tis thee my *alter ego*, my second self, that I praise as if myself.

LXIII. Obviously in close continuation of LXII.



4. *Adion*. Is this word used here in a sense? suggested perhaps by 'hold a plea' of l. 3.

6. *Wreckful siege*. See Sonnet LXIII. 9, and n.

10. *Time's chest*. Theobald proposed '*Time's quest*'. Malone shows that the image of a jewel in its chest or casket is a favourite one with Shakspeare. See Sonnet XLVIII., *King Richard II.*, Act I. sc. 1. 180; *King John*, Act V. sc. 1. 40.

12. *Of beauty*. The Quarto has *or*, a manifest error.

LXVI. From the thought of his friend's death Shakspeare turns to think of his own, and of the way of life from which death would deliver him.

1. *All these*. The evils enumerated in the following lines.

4. *Unhappily*, evilly. See in Schmidt's Shakspeare-Lexicon the words, *unhappied*, *unhappy*, *unhappiness*, and *unhappy*.

9. *Art made tongue-tied by authority*; *art* commonly used by Shakspeare for letters, learning, science. Can this line refer to the censorship of the stage?

11. *Simplicity*, i.e. in the sense of folly.

LXVII. In close connexion with LXVI. Why should my friend continue to live in this evil world?

4. *Lace*, embellish, as in *Macbeth*, Act II. sc. 1. 118.

6. *Dead seeming*. Why should painting steal the lifeless appearance of beauty from his living beauty? Capell and Farmer conjecture *seeming*.

ward; Malone read *Thine*, but *thy* is sometimes found before a vowel, and the mistake 'their' for 'thy' is of frequent occurrence in the Quarto.

14. *The foil is this*. The Quarto has *folye*. Malone and Dyce read *solve*. Caldecott conjectures *foil*. The Cambridge editors write: 'As the verb "to foil" is not uncommon in Old English, meaning "to solve", as for example: "This question could not one of them all foile" (*Udal's Erasmus, Luke*, fol. 154 b), so the substantive "foil" may be used in the sense of "solution". The play upon words thus suggested is in the author's manner'.

LXX. Continues the subject of the last Sonnet, and defends his friend from the suspicion and slander of the time.

3. *Suspect*, suspicion, as in l. 13, and *Venus & Adonis*, l. 1010.

6. *Thy worth*. The Quarto has *their*.

Being woo'd of time. 'Time is used by our early writers as equivalent to the modern expression, *the times*'.—Hunter, *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 240. Hunter quotes *King Richard III.*, Act iv. sc. 4, l. 106, where, however, the proposed meaning seems doubtful. Steevens quotes from Ben Jonson, *Every Man out of His Humour*, Prologue, 'Oh, how I hate the monstrousness of *time*,' i.e. the times. 'Being woo'd of time' seems, then, to mean being solicited or tempted by the present times. Malone conjectured and withdrew 'being void of crime'. C. [probably Capell] suggested 'being wood of time,' i.e. slander being woo'd or frantic. Delius



3. *Bare ruin'd choirs.* The Quarto has '*ru'wd quiers*'. The edition of 1640 made the correction. Capell proposed '*Barren'd of quires*'. Malone compares with this passage *Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. 3, ll. 60-64:—

*Then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather ;*

and *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. 3, ll. 263-266.

7. So in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. sc. 3, l. 87:—

And by and by a cloud takes all away.

12. *Consumed, etc.* Wasting away on the dead ashes which once nourished it with living flame.

LXXIV. In immediate continuation of LXXIII.

1, 2. The Quarto has no stop after *contented*.

That fell arrest. So *Hamlet*, Act V. sc. 2, ll. 347, 348:—

*Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest.*

11. *The coward conquest, etc.* Does Shakspeare merely speak of the liability of the body to untimely or violent mischance? Or does he meditate suicide? Or think of Marlowe's death, and anticipate such a fate as possibly his own? Or has he, like Marlowe, been wounded? Or does he refer to dissection of dead

bodies? Or is it 'Confounding age's cruel knife' of LXXIII. l. 10?

13, 14. *The worth, etc.* The worth of that (my body) is that which it contains (my spirit), and that (my spirit) is this (my poems).

LXXV. The last Sonnet, LXXIV., seems to me like an Envoy, and perhaps a new manuscript book of Sonnets begins with LXXV.-LXXVII.

3. *And for the peace of you, the peace, content, to be found in you; antithesis to self.*

6. *Doubting the fleching age, etc.* Perhaps this is the first allusion to the poet, Shakespeare's rival in his friend's favour.

8. *Delier'd.* 11. *Have propoies better*

10. *Clean starved for a look* See Sonnet XLVII. 3, and note.

11, 12. Possessing no delight save what is had from you, pursuing none save what must be taken from you.

14. 'That is, either feeding on various dishes, or having nothing on my board,—all being away'.—MALONE.

LXXVI. Is this an apology for Shakespeare's *Love Sonnets*—of which his friend begins to weary—in contrast with the verses of the rival poet, spoken of in LXXVIII.-LXXX?

6. *Keep invention in a novel word, keep in imagination, or poetic creation, in a direct manner, as it is used and known.*

7. *Tell.* The Quain has set.

8. *Where.* Capell proposed whence

LXXVII. 'Probably', says Steevens, 'this sonnet was designed to accompany a present of a book consisting of blank paper'. 'This conjecture', says Malone, 'appears to me extremely probable'. If I might hazard a conjecture, it would be that Shakspeare, who had perhaps begun a new manuscript-book with Sonnet LXXV., and who, as I suppose, apologized for the monotony of his verses in LXXVI., here ceased to write, knowing that his friend was favouring a rival, and invited his friend to fill up the blank pages himself (see note below; l. 12). Beauty, Time, and Verse formed the theme of many of Shakspeare's sonnets; now that he will write no more, he commends his friend to his *glass*, where he may discover the truth about his *beauty*; to the *dial*, where he may learn the progress of *time*; and to this *book*, which he himself—not Shakspeare—must fill. C. A. Brown and Henry Brown treat this sonnet as an *Envoy*.

4. *This book*. Malone proposed 'thy book'.

6. *Mouthed graves*. So *Venus & Adonis*, l. 757, 'A swallowing grave'.

10. *Blanks*. The Quarto has *blacks*: the correction is from Theobald.

12. Perhaps this is said with some feeling of wounded love—my verses have grown monotonous and wearisome; write yourself, and you will find novelty in your own thoughts when once delivered from your brain and set down by your pen. Perhaps, also, 'this learning mayst thou taste', l. 4, is suggested by the fact that Shakspeare is unlearned in comparison with the rival. I cannot bring you

LXXX. Same subject continued.

2. *A better spirit.* For the conjectures made with respect to this 'better spirit', see the Introduction, pages xxxvi.-xxxix.

6, 7. *The humble, etc.* Compare *Troilus & Cressida*, A& 1. sc. 3, ll. 34-42: where's then the saucy boat?

LXXXI. After depreciating his own verse in comparison with that of the rival poet, Shakspeare here takes heart, and asserts that he will by verse confer immortality on his friend, though his own name may be forgotten.

1. Or I. Staunton proposes 'Wh'er I', i.e. Whether I.

12. *Breathers of this world*; this world, i.e. this age. Compare *As You Like It*, A& III. sc. 2, l. 297: 'I will chide no *breather in the world* but myself'. Sidney Walker proposes to point as follows:—

Shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse;
When all the breathers of this world are dead,
You still shall live, etc.

It is rare, however, with Shakspeare to let the verse run on without a pause at the twelfth line of the sonnet.

LXXXII. His friend had perhaps alleged in playful self-justification that he had not married Shakspeare's Muse, vowing to forsake all other and keep him only unto her.

3. *Dedicated words.* This may only mean *devoted words*, but probably has reference, as the next line seems to show, to the words of some dedication referred to a book.

5. *Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue.* Shakspeare had celebrated his friend's beauty (*hue*); perhaps his learned rival had celebrated the patron's knowledge; such excellence reached 'a limit past the praise' of Shakspeare, who knew small Latin and less Greek.

11. *Sympathiz'd*, answered to, valued. So *Lucrece*, l. 1113:—

*True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed
When with like semblance it is sympathized.*

LXXXIII. Takes up the last lines of LXXXII. and continues the same theme.

2. *Fair, beauty.*

5. *Slept in your report*, neglected to sound your praises.

7. *Modern, true, ordinary, common.* So *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act v. sc. 2, l. 167.

8. *What worth* Malone suggested 'that worth'.

12. *Bring a lamb.* Compare Sonnet xvii. 3.

LXXXIV. Continues the same theme. Which of us, the rival poet or I, can say more than that you are you?

1, 4. Staunton proposes to omit the note of interrogation after *most* (l. 1) and to introduce one after *grew* (l. 4).

8. *Story*. W. S. Walker proposes to retain the period of the Quarto after *story*—perhaps rightly.

14. *Being fond on praise*, doting on praise. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II. sc. 1, l. 266:—

*That he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love.*

Palgrave has 'of praise'.

LXXXV. Continues the subject of LXXXIV. Shakspeare's friend is fond on praise; Shakspeare's Muse is silent while others compile comments of his praise.

1. *My tongue-tied Muse*. Compare Sonnet LXXX. 4.

2. *Compiled*. See note on Sonnet LXXVIII. 9.

3. *Reserve their character*. *Reserve* has here, says Malone, the sense of preserve; see Sonnet XXXII. 7. But what does 'preserve their character' mean? An anonymous emender suggests 'Rehearse thy', or 'Rehearse your'. Possibly '*Deserve* their character' may be right, *i.e.* 'deserve to be written'.

4. *Filed*, polished, refined (as if rubbed with a file). *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. 1, l. 11, 'his tongue *filed*'. See note on Sonnet LXXXVI. 13.

11. *But that*, *i.e.* that which I add.

LXXXVI. Continues the subject of LXXXV., and explains the cause of Shakspeare's silence.

1. *Proud full sail*. The same metaphor which appears in Sonnet LXXX.

4. *Making their tomb the womb, etc.* So *Romeo & Juliet*, Act II. sc. 3, l. 9:—

*The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying grave that is her womb.*

5-10. See Introduction, pages xxxvii.-xxxix.

8. *Astonished*, stunned as by a thunder-stroke, as in *Lucrece*, l. 1730.

13. *Fill'd up his line*. Malone, Steevens, Dyce, read *fil'd*, i.e. polished. Steevens quotes Ben Jonson's *Verses on Shakespeare* :

In his well-torned and true-filed lines.

But 'fill'd up his line' is opposed to 'then lack'd I matter'. *Filed* in LXXXV. 4, is printed in the Quarto *fil'd*; *filled* is printed XVII. 2, LXIII. 3, as it is in this passage *fil'd*.

LXXXVII. Increasing coldness on his friend's part brings Shakspeare to the point of declaring that all is over between them. This sonnet in form is distinguished by double-rhymes throughout.

4 *Determinate*, limited; or out of date, expired 'The term is used in legal conveyances'.—MALONE.

8. *Patent*, privilege. As in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 1. sc. 1, l. 80, 'my virgin patent'.

11. *Upon misprision growing*, a mistake having arisen. 1 *King Henry IV.*, Act 1. sc. 3, l. 27, 'misprision is guilty of this fault'.

13. *As some dream doth flatter*. So *Romeo & Juliet*, Act v. sc. 1, ll. 1, 2 :—

*If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.*

LXXXVIII. In continuation Shakspeare ~~and~~ asserts his own devotion, though his ~~confession~~

friend not only should forsake him, but even hold him in scorn.

1. *Set me light, esteem me little.* So *King Richard II.*, Act 1. sc. 3, l. 293.

8. *Shalt.* Quarto, *shall*.

LXXXIX. Continues the subject of LXXXVIII., showing how Shakspeare will take part with his friend against himself.

3. *My lameness.* See note on Sonnet xxxvii. 3.

6. *To set a form, etc.*, to give a becoming appearance to the change which you desire. So *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 1. sc. 1, l. 233 :—

*Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.*

8. *I will acquaintance strangle*, put an end to our familiarity. So *Twelfth Night*, Act v. sc. 1, l. 150; *Antony & Cleopatra*, Act II. sc. 6, l. 130: 'You shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very *strangler* of their amity'.

13. *Debate*, contest, quarrel. 2 *King Henry IV.*, Act iv. sc. 4, l. 2: 'this debate that bleedeth at our door'.

XC. Takes up the last word of LXXXIX., and pleads pathetically for hatred; for the worst, speedily, if at all.

6. *The rearward of a conquer'd woe.* *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act iv. sc. 1, l. 128 :—

*Thought I thy spirit were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life.*

13. *Strains of woe.* So *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act v. sc. 1, l. 12:—

*Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine
And let it answer every strain for strain.*

XCL. Having in xc. thought of his own persecution at the hand of Fortune, Shakspeare here contrasts his state with that of the favorites of Fortune, maintaining that if he had but assured possession of his friend's love, he would lack none of their good things.

4. *Horse.* Probably the plural, meaning *horses*, as in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, l. 61.
1 *King Henry VI.*, Act 1. sc. 3, l. 31.

10 *Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost.* So *Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. 3, ll. 23, 24:—

*Richer than doing nothing for a bawble,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.*

XCII. In close connexion with xcl. This sonnet argues for the contradictory of the last two lines of that immediately preceding it. No you cannot make me wretched by taking away your love, for with such a loss, death must come and free me from sorrow.

10. *My life on thy revolt doth lie*, my life hangs upon, is dependent on, your desertion, *Macbeth*, Act v. sc. 4, l. 12:—

Ruth make me and I will . . .

XCIII. Carries on the thought of the last line of XCII.

11, 12. So *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. 4, l. 12:—

*There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.*

XCIV. In XCIII. Shakspeare has described his friend as able to show a sweet face while harbouring fall thoughts; the subject is enlarged on in the present Sonnet. They who can hold their passions in check, who can seem loving yet keep a cool heart who move passion in others, yet are cold and unmoved themselves—they rightly inherit from heaven large gifts, for they husband them; whereas passionate intemperate natures squander their endowments; those who can assume this or the semblance as they see reason are the masters and owners of their faces; others have no property in such excellences as they possess, but hold them for the advantage of the prudent self-contained persons. True, these self-contained persons may seem to lack generosity; but, then, without making voluntary gifts they give inevitably, even as the summer's flower is sweet to the summer, though it live and die only to itself. Yet, let such an one beware of corruption, which makes odious the sweetest flowers.

6. *Expense*, expenditure, and so loss.

11. *Base*. Staunton proposes *foul*.

12. *The basest weed*. Sidney Walker proposes 'the *barest* weed'.

14. *Lilies, etc.* This line occurs in *King Edward III*, Act II. sc. 1 (near the close of the scene). I quote the passage that the reader may see how the line comes into the play, and form an opinion as to whether play or sonnet has the right of first ownership in it.

*A spacious field of reasons could I urge
Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame:
That poison shows worst in a golden cup;
Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;
Lilies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds;
And every glory, that inclines to sin,
The same is treble by the opposite.*

It should be remembered that in *King Edward III*, Act II. sc. 1, the lines occur the lines which have been quoted

Fester, etc. As in *Romeo & Juliet*, Act IV. sc. 3, l. 43.

XCV. Continues the warning of XCV 13, 14
Though now you seem to make shame beautiful,
beware! a time will come when it may be other-
wise.

8. *Naming thy name blest, etc.* *Antony & Cleopatra*, Act II. sc. 2, ll. 243-245. —

*Vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is ruggish.*

XCVI. Continues the subject of xcv. Plead against the misuse of his friend's gifts; against youthful licentiousness.

2. *Gentle sport*. As in the last sonnet 'making lascivious comments on thy *sport*'.

3. *More and less*, great and small, as in 1 *King Henry IV.*, Act iv. sc. 3, l. 68:—

The more and less came in with cap and knee.

9, 10. The same thought expressed in different imagery appears in xciii.

Translate, transform; as in *Hamlet*, Act iii. sc. 1 l. 113.

12. *The strength of all thy state*, the strength of all thy majesty, splendour. Schmidt says 'use periphrastically, and = all thy strength'.

13, 14. The same couplet closes Sonnet xxxvi.

XCVII. A new group of Sonnets seems to begin here.

5. *This time removed*. This time of absence *Twelfth Night*, Act v. sc. 1, l. 92, 'A twenty years removed thing'.

6. *The teeming autumn*, etc. So *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii. sc. 1, ll. 111-114, 'The childing autumn'. Isaac proposes *Then teeming*.

7. *Prime*, spring.

10. *Hope of orphans*, such hope as orphans bring or, expectation of the birth of children whose father is dead. Staunton proposes '*crop* of orphans'.

XCVIII. The subject of xcvii. is Absence i

6. *Condemned for thy hand*, condemned for theft of the whiteness of thy hand.

7. *And buds of marjoram, etc.* Compare Suckling's *Tragedy of Brennoralt*, Act IV. sc. 1 :—

*Hair curling, and cover'd like buds of marjoram ;
Part tied in negligence, part loosely flowing.*

Mr. H. C. Hart tells me that buds of marjoram are dark purple-red before they open, and afterwards pink; dark auburn I suppose would be the nearest approach to marjoram in the colour of hair. Mr. Hart suggests that the marjoram has stolen not colour but *perfume* from the young man's hair. Gervase Markham gives sweet marjoram as an ingredient in 'The water of sweet smells', and Culpepper says 'marjoram is much used in all odoriferous waters'. Cole (*Adam in Eden*, ed. 1657) says 'Marjerome is a chief ingredient in most of those powders that Barbers use, in whose shops I have seen great store of this herb hung up'.

8. *On thorns did stand*. To 'stand on thorns' is an old proverbial phrase.

9. *One*. The Quarto has 'our'.

12. *A vengeful canker eat him, etc.* So *Venus & Adonis*, l. 656 :—

This canker that eats up Love's tender spring.

14. *But sweet*. Sidney Walker proposes *scent*.

C. Written after a cessation from sonnet-writing, during which Shakspere had been engaged in author-

ship,—writing plays for the public as I suppose, instead of poems for his friend

3. *Fury*, poetic enthusiasm, as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV sc. 3, l. 229.

9. *Refty*, torpid; '*Refty, piger, lentus*', Coles's *Latin and English Dictionary* (quoted by Dyce).

11. *Satire*. '*Satire is satirist*' Jonson, *Masque of Time Vindicated*, Gifford, vol. viii p. 5.—

Who's this?

EARS. 'Tis *Chronomastix*, the brave satyr.

NOSE. The gentleman-like satyr, cares for nobody.

Postaster, v. 1, vol. ii. p. 524:—

The honest satyr bath the happiest soul'.

W. S. WALKER.

14. *Prevent'st*, dost frustrate by anticipating.

CL. Continues the address to his muse, calling on her to sing again the praises of his friend, C. calls on her to praise his beauty, C. has '*truth in beauty dyed*'.

6. *His colour*, the colour of my love (i.e. my friend).

7. *To lay*, to spread on a surface, to lay on. *Twelfth Night*, Act I sc. 5, l. 258:—

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

CL. In continuation. An apology for having ceased to sing.

3. *That love is merchandiz'd*, etc. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act II sc. 1, ll. 13-16:—

*My beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.*

7. *Summer's front.* So *A Winter's Tale*, Act iv. sc. 4, l. 3:—

*No shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front.*

8. *Her pipe.* The Quarto has '*his pipe*'. Compare *Twelfth Night*, Act i. sc. 4, l. 32.

CIII. Continues the same apology.

3. *The argument, all bare, the theme of my verse merely as it is in itself.*

6, 7. So *The Tempest*, Act iv. sc. 1, l. 10:—

*For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.*

9, 10. So *King Lear*, Act i. sc. 4, l. 369:—

*Striving to better, oft we mar what's well,
and King John*, Act iv. sc. 2, ll. 28, 29.

CIV. Resumes the subject from which the poet started in Sonnet c. After absence and cessation from song, he resurveys his friend's face, and inquires whether Time has stolen away any of its beauty. Note the important reference to time, three years '*since first I saw you fresh*'.

2. *Eyed.* So in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, '*I ear'd her language*'.

3. *Three winters cold.* Dyce reads perhaps rightly 'winters' cold'. The Quarto in 3, 4, has 'Winters cold . . . summers pride'.

4. *Three summers' pride.* So *Romeo & Juliet*, A& 1. sc. 2, l. 10 :—

Let two more summers wither in their pride.

10. *Steal from his figure, creep from the figure on the dial.* So in Sonnet LXXVII, 'thy dial's shady *Acolith*'.

13. *For fear of which, because I fear which.*

CV. To the beauty praised in C, and the truth and beauty in C., Shakspeare now adds a third perfection, kindness, and these three sum up the perfections of his friend

3, 4. *Let not my love, etc* 'Because the continual repetition of the same praises seemed like a form of worship'.—W. S. WALKER. Cf CVIII. 1-8.

CVI. The last line of Sonnet cv. declares that his friend's perfections were never before possessed by one person. This leads the poet to gaze backward on the famous persons of former ages, men and women, his friend being possessor of the united perfections of both man and woman (as in Sonnets xx. and lxx).

8. *Master, possess, own as a master* So *King Henry v.*, A& II. sc. 4, l. 137 —

You'll find a difference

*Between the promise of his greener days
And these be masters now.*

9. Compare Constable's *Diana* :—

*Miracle of the world I never will deny
That former poets praise the beauty of their days ;
But all those beauties were but figures of thy praise,
And all those poets did of thee but prophecy.*

12. *They had not skill enough.* The Quarto has 'still enough'.

CVII. Continues the celebration of his friend, and rejoices in their restored affection. Mr. Massey explains this sonnet as a song of triumph for the death of Elizabeth, and the deliverance of Southampton from the Tower. Elizabeth (Cynthia) is the eclipsed mortal moon of l. 5 ; compare *Antony & Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. 13, l. 153 :—

*Alack, our terrene moon (i.e. Cleopatra)
Is now eclipsed.*

But an earlier reference to a moon-eclipse (xxxv. l. 3) has to do with his friend, not with Elizabeth, and in the present sonnet the moon is imagined as having endured her eclipse, and come out none the less bright. I interpret (as Mr. Simpson does, *Philosophy of Shakspeare's Sonnets*, p. 79) : 'Not my own fears (that my friend's beauty may be on the wane, Sonnet civ. 9-14) nor the prophetic soul of the world, prophesying in the persons of dead knights and ladies your perfections (Sonnet cvi.), and so prefiguring your death, can confine my lease of love to a brief term of years. Darknefs and fears are past, the augurs of ill find their predictions

limited, doubts are over, peace has come in place of strife; the love in my heart is fresh and young (see CIVIL L 9), and I have conquered Death, for in this verse we both [she] find life in the memories of men.

4. *Supposed, etc.*, supposed to be a lease expiring within a limited term.

10. *My love looks fresh*. I am not sure whether this means 'the love in my heart', or 'my love' my friend. Compare CIV L 8, and CIVIL L 9.

Subseri?er, (submiss). As in *The Taming of the Shrew*, A2 L 1c 1, L 81.

12. *Isfallis o'er*, triumphs over. As in *3 King Henry VI*, A2 L 1c 3, L 14.

CIVIL How can 'this poor rhyme' which is to give us both *eternal* life (CIVIL 10-14) be earned on? Only by saying over again the same old things. But eternal love, in 'love's fresh case' (an echo of 'my love looks fresh', CIVIL 10), knows no age, and finds what is old still fresh and young.

3. *What new to register*. So Malone. The Quarto has 'What new'. Sidney Walker conjectures 'what's new to speak, what new, etc'.

5. *Nothing sweet try*. Altered in ed. 1640 to 'Nothing sweet love'.

9. *Love's fresh case*, love's new condition and circumstances, the new youth of love (spoken of CIVIL 10). But Schmidt explains 'case' here as 'question of law, cause, question in general', and Malone says 'By the case of love the poet means his own compositions'.

10. But Schmidt explains 'case' here as 'question of law, cause, question in general', and Malone says 'By the case of love the poet means his own compositions'.

13, 14. Finding the first conception of love as passionate as at first, felt by one years and outward form show the effects of a

CIX. The first ardour of love is now renewed in the days of early friendship (CVIII. 13; But what of the interval of absence and estimation? Shakspeare confesses his wanderings declares that he was never wholly false.

2. *Qualify*, temper, moderate, as in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. sc. 2, l. 118.

4. *My soul which in thy breast doth lie*. So *Richard III.*, Act I. sc. 1, l. 204:—

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart.

7. *Just to the time, not with the time exchanged*—punctual to the time, not altered with the time. Jessica in her boy's disguise, *Merchant of Venice*, Act II. sc. 6, l. 35:—

*I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me
For I am much ashamed of my exchange.*

11. *Stain'd*. Staunton proposes '*strain'd*'.

14. *My rose*. Shakspeare returns to the name which he has given his friend in Sonnet :

CX. In CIX. Shakspeare has spoken of having wandered from his 'home of love'; here he continues the subject, 'Alas, 'tis true I have been here and there'. This sonnet and the next are commonly taken to express distaste for his life as a player.

2. A motley, a wearer of motley, a fool or jester.

3. Gored mine own thoughts, deeply wounded my own thoughts. *Troilus & Cressida*, Act III. sc. 3, l. 228. 'My fame is sorely gored'. *King Lear*, Act V. sc. 3, l. 320.

4. Made old offences, etc., entered into new friendships and loves which were transgressions against my old love.

6. Strangely, in a distant, untrustful way.

7. Blanches, starts aside. *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. sc. 5, l. 5.—

Sometimes you do blench from this to that.

9. Now all is done, have what shall have no end. Malone accepted Tyrwhitt's conjecture, 'Now all is done *fore*, etc', but the meaning is, 'Now that all my wanderings and errors are over, take love which has no end'.

10. *Grand*, i.e. what.

11. *Newer proof*, newer trial or experiment.

12. This line seems to be a remembrance of the thoughts expressed in Sonnet CV, and to refer to the First Commandment.

CXI. Continues the apology for his wanderings of heart, ascribing them to his ill fortune—that, as commonly understood, which compels him to a player's way of life.

1. *With Fortune*. The Quarto has '*wish fortune*'.

10. *Eisel*, 'gainst my strong infection. *Eisel* or

eyfell is vinegar. O. Fr. *aiffel*, Gr. *ὄξαλῖς*. Skelton (quoted in Nares's Glossary) says of Jesus—

He drank cisel and gall.

'Vinegar is esteemed very efficacious in preventing the communication of the plague and other contagious distempers'.—MALONE.

CXII. Takes up the word 'pity' from CXI. 14, and declares that his friend's love and pity compensate the dishonours of his life, spoken of in the last sonnet.

4. *Allow*, approve, as in *King Lear*, Act II. sc. 4, l. 194.

7, 8. No one living for me except you, nor I alive to any, who can change my feelings fixed as steel either for good or ill (either to pleasure or pain). Malone proposed '*e'er* changes'. Knight, '*so* changes.' 'Sense' may be the plural.

11. *Critic*, censurer, as in *Troilus & Cressida*, Act V. sc. 2, l. 131.

12. *Dispense with*, excuse, pardon. So *Lucrece*, l. 1070, and l. 1279:—

Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense.

13. *So strongly in my purpose bred*. Schmidt gives as an explanation: 'So kept and harboured in my thoughts'.

14. *They're dead*. The Quarto has '*y'are*'. Malone (1780) reads '*are*', (1790) '*they are*'; Dyce '*they're*'. The Quarto *y' = th' = they*.

CXIII In connexion with CXII.; the writer's mind and senses are filled with his friend; in CXII. he tells how his ear is stopped to all other voices but one beloved voice, here he tells how his eye sees things only as related to his friend.

1. *Mine eye is in my mind.* *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. 2, l. 185: 'In my mind's eye, Horatio' So too *Lucrece*, l. 1426.

3. *Part his function, divide its function.*

6. *Latch, catch, seize* *Macbeth*, Act IV. sc. 3, l. 195:—

*I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air
Where bearing should not latch them.*

The Quarto has '*lack*'

10. *Favour, aspect, appearance, countenance*, as in *Measure for Measure*, Act IV sc. 2, l. 185

14. *Mine untrue.* If we accept this, the text of the Quarto, we must hold '*untrue*' to be a substantive; explaining, with Malone, '*The sincerity of my affection is the cause of my untruth, i.e. my not seeing objects truly, such as they appear to the rest of mankind*'. So in *Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. 4, l. 170:—

*As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.*

Malone proposed and withdrew '*makes mine eye untrue*'. Collier, '*maketh my eyne untrue*', Lettison, '*mak'th mine eye untrue*'. Compare *Two Gent. of Ver.*, Act II. sc. 4, l. 196, and Theobald's emendation of mine in that line.

CXIV. Continues the subject treated in CXIII., and

inquires why and how it is that his eye gives a false report of objects.

5. *Indigest*, chaotic, formless. As in 2 *King Henry VI.*, A& v. sc. 1, l. 157; 'indigested lump' So 3 *King Henry VI.*, A& v. sc. 6, l. 51.

9. Compare *Twelfth Night*, A& 1. sc. 5, l. 328 :—

*I do I know not what, and fear to find.
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.*

11. *What with his gust is 'greeing*, what is pleasing to his (the eye's) taste; 'gree; to agree.

13, 14. 'The allusion here is to the tasters to princes. So, in *King John* :—

"who did taste to him?"

HUB. *A monk whose bowels suddenly burst out*".

STEEVENS

CXV. Shakspeare now desires to show that love has grown through error and seeming estrangement

4. *My flame*. So in CX. l. 2, 'absence seemed my flame to qualify'.

11, 12. *Certain o'er uncertainty, crowning the present* : So Sonnet CVII. 7 :—

Uncertainties now crown themselves assured.

CXVI. Admits his wanderings, but love is fixed above all the errors and trials of man and man's life

2. *Impediments* (to the marriage of true minds) So *Form of Solemnization of Matrimony* : 'If any of you know cause or just impediment, etc.'

2, 3. *Love is not love, etc.* So *King Lear*, A& 1. sc. 1, l. 241 :—

Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point.

5, 6 *An ever-fixed mark, etc.* So *Coriolanus*,
 Act v. sc. 3, l. 74 —

Like a great sea-mark standing every flow

7. *It is the star, etc.* 'Apparently, whose stellar influence is unknown, although his angular altitude has been determined'.—F. T. PALGRAVE. Schmidt explains *unknown* here as *inexpressible, incalculable, immense*. The passage seems to mean, As the star, over and above what can be ascertained concerning it for our guidance at sea, has unknowable occult virtue and influence, so love, beside its power of guiding us, has incalculable potencies. This interpretation is confirmed by the next Sonnet (cxvii.) in which the simile of sailing at sea is introduced, Shakspeare there confesses his wanderings, and adds as his apology

I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love—

constancy, the guiding fixedness of love, *virtue*, the 'unknown worth'. Sidney Walker proposed 'whose north's unknown', explaining 'As, by following the guidance of the northern star, a ship may sail an immense way, yet never reach the true north; so the limit of love is unknown. Or can any other good sense be made of "north"? *Judicent rei astronomice periti.*' Dr. Ingleby (*The Soule Arayed*,

1872, pp. 5, 6, *note*) after quoting in connexion with this passage the lines in which Cæsar speaks of himself (*Julius Cæsar*, III. 1) as 'constant as the northern star', writes: 'Here human virtue is figured under the 'true-fix'd and resting' quality' of the northern star. Surely, then, the "worth" spoken of must be *constancy* or *fixedness*. The sailor must know that the star has this worth, or his latitude would not depend on its altitude. Just so without the knowledge of this worth in love, a man "hoists sail to all the winds", and is "frequent with unknown minds".'

Height, it should be observed, was used by Elizabethan writers, in the sense of value, and the word may be used here in a double sense, *altitude* (of the star) and *value* (of love), 'love whose worth is unknown however it may be valued'.

9. *Time's fool*, the sport or mockery of Time. So 1 *King Henry IV.*, Act v. sc. 4, l. 81:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool.

11. *His brief hours*, i.e. Time's brief hours.

12. *Bears it out even to the edge of doom.* So *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act III. sc. 3, ll. 5, 6:—

*We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.*

CXVII. Continues the confession of his wanderings from his friend; but asserts that it was only to try his friend's constancy in love.

5. *Frequent, conversant, intimate.*

With unknown minds, persons who may not be known, or obscure persons.

6. *Given to time*; given to society, to the world; see note on Sonnet LXX. l. 6. Or, given away to temporary occasion what is your property and therefore an heirloom for eternity. Staunton proposes '*given to them*'.

11. *Level*, the direction in which a missile weapon is aimed; as in *A Winter's Tale*, Act II. sc. 3, l. 6.

CXVIII. Continues the subject; adding that he had sought strange loves, only to quicken his appetite for the love that is true.

2. *Eager, sour, tart, poignant.* *Aigre* Fr, as in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. 5, l. 69

9. *Policy*, prudent management of affairs.

12. *Rank*, 'sick (of hypertrophy)'—SCHMIDT. So *a King Henry IV*, Act IV. sc. 1, l. 64.—

To diet rank minds sick of happiness.

CXIX. In close connexion with the preceding sonnet; showing the gains of all, that strange loves have made the true love more strong and dear.

2. *Limbeck, alembics, stills.* *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. 7, l. 67.

4. Either, losing in the very moment of victory, or gaining victories (of other loves than those of his friend) which were indeed but losses.

7. *How have mine eyes out of their spheres been filled, etc*, how have mine eyes started from their

hollows in the fever-fits of my disease. Compare *Hamlet*, Act 1. sc. 5, l. 17:—

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres.
Lettfom would read 'been flitted'.

11. *Ruin'd love . . . built anew.* Note the introduction of the metaphor of rebuilt love, reappearing in later sonnets. Compare *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. sc. 2, l. 4:—

Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous,
and *Antony & Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. 2, ll. 29, 30.

14. *Ills.* So the Quarto; altered by Malone and other editors, perhaps rightly (see l. 9) to *ill*.

CXX. Continues the apology for wanderings in love; not Shakspeare alone has so erred, but also his friend.

3. I must needs be overwhelmed by the wrong I have done to you, knowing how I myself suffered, when you were the offender.

6. *A hell of time.* So in *Othello*, Act III. sc. 3, ll. 169, 170:—

But O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves,
and *Lucrece*, ll. 1286, 1287.

9. *Our night.* Staunton proposes 'four night'. Remember'd, reminded, an active verb governing sense in l. 10. So *The Tempest*, Act I. sc. 2, l. 243.

11. *And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd.*
'Surely the sense requires that we should point,—
And soon to you, as you to me then, tender'd'.

W. S. WALKER.

Stamton proposes—

And shame to you—as you to me then—tender'd.

12. *Solve.* Compare Sonnet xxxiv. l. 7.

CXXI. Though admitting his wanderings from his friend's love (cxviii.-cxi.), Shakspeare refuses to admit the scandalous charges of unfriendly censors.

Dr. Burgersdijk regards the sonnet as a defence of the stage against Puritans

2. Not to be, i.e. not to be vile.

3, 4. And the legitimate pleasure lost, which is deemed vile, not by us who experience it, but by others who look on and condemn.

6 *Give salutation to my sportive blood.* Compare *King Henry VII.*, A& II. sc. 3, l. 103 —

*Would I had no bring,
If this salute my blood a jot*

8. *In their wills*, according to their pleasure.

9. No, I am that I am. Compare *Othello*, A& I. II. 1, l. 65, 'I am not what I am'

11. *Betwixt*, 'i.e. crooked; a term used only, I believe, by masons and joiners'.—STEEVENS.

CXXII. An apology for having named—
(memoria

1, 2. x

Yea, from the table of my memory, etc.

So also *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, A& II. sc. 7, ll. 3, 4

3. *That idle rank*, that poor dignity (of table written upon with pen or pencil).

9. *That poor retention*, that poor means of retaining impressions, *i.e.* the tables given by his friend.

10. *Tallies*, sticks on which notches and score are cut to keep accounts by. So 2 *King Henry VI.* Act iv. sc. 7, l. 39.

CXXIII. In the last sonnet Shakspeare boasts of his 'lasting memory' as the recorder of love; he now declares that the registers and records of Time are false, but Time shall impose no cheat upon his memory or heart.

2. *Thy pyramids*. I think this is metaphorical all that Time piles up from day to day, all his new stupendous erections are really but 'dressings of former sight'. Is there a reference to the new love the 'ruined love built anew' (Sonnet cxix.) between the two friends? The same metaphor appears in the next Sonnet (cxxiv.) 'No, it [his love] was *builded* far from accident', and again in cxxv 'Laid great bates for eternity etc.'. Does Shakspeare mean here that this new love is really the same with the old love; *he* will recognize the identity of new and old, and not wonder at either the past or present?

5. *Admire*, wonder at, as in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. 4, l. 165.

7. *And rather make them*. 'Them' refers to '*what thou dost soist etc.*'; we choose rather to think such things new, and specially created for our satisfaction, than, as they really are, old things of which we have already heard.

CXXIV. Continues the thought of CXXIII. 13, 14. The writer's love being unconnected with motives of self-interest, is independent of Fortune and Time.

1. The child of fate, born of place and power and pomp.

4. *Weeds, etc.* My love might be subject to Time's hate and so plucked up as a weed, or subject to Time's love, and so gathered as a flower

7, 8. When time puts us, who have been in favour, out of fashion.

9. Policy, that heretic, the prudence of self-interest, which is faithless in love. Compare *Romeo & Juliet*, Act I. sc. 2, l. 95. Romeo, speaking of eyes unfaithful to the beloved —

Transparent heretics be burnt for liars

11. *Hagely politic*, love itself is infinitely prudent, prudent for eternity.

12. *That it not grows* Steevens proposes *glows*

13, 14. Does this mean, 'I call to witness the transitory unworthy loves (fools of time = sports of time. See CXXI. 9), whose death was a virtue since their life was a crime'?

CXXV. In connexion with Sonnet CXXIV, there Shakspere asserted that his love was not subject to time, as friendships founded on self-interest are; here he asserts that it is not founded on beauty of person, and therefore cannot pass away with the decay of such beauty. It is pure love for love.

1. *Bare the canopy, &c.* rendered outward homage as one renders who bears a canopy over a superior

King James I. made his progress through London 1603-4, under a canopy. In the account of the King and Queen's entertainment at Oxford 1605, we read: 'From thence was carried over the King and Queen a fair canopy of crimson taffety by six of the Canons of the Church'.—Nichol's *Progresses of King James*, vol. i. p. 546.

2. *The outward*. Cf. Sonnet LXXIX., 1-5. Staunton proposes '*thy outward*', or '*thee outward*'.

3. *Or laid, etc.* The love of the earlier sonnets, which celebrated the beauty of Shakspeare's friend, was to last for ever, and yet it has been ruined.

5. *Favour*, outward appearance, as in Sonnet CXIII. 10.

6. *Loſe all and more*, cease to love and through satiety even grow to dislike.

9. *Obsequious*, zealous, devoted, as in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv. sc. 2, l. 2.

11. *Mix'd with seconds*, mixed with baser matter. 'I am just informed by an old lady, that *seconds* is a provincial term for the *second kind of flour*, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted. That our author's oblation was pure, [an offering of fine flour] *unmixed with baser matter* is all that he meant to say'.—STEEVENS.

13. *Suborn'd informer*. Does this refer to an actual person, one of the spies of Sonnet CXXI. 7, 8? Or is the '*informer*' Jealousy, or Suspicion? as in *Venus & Adonis*, l. 655 :—

*This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissention's Jealousy.*

CXXVI. This is the concluding poem of the series addressed to Shakspeare's friend; it consists of six rhymed couplets. In the Quarto parentheses follow the twelfth line thus.—

$$\begin{pmatrix} 1 \\ 0 \end{pmatrix} \quad \begin{pmatrix} 0 \\ 1 \end{pmatrix}$$

as if to show that two lines are wanting. But there is no good reason for supposing that the poem is defective. In William Smith's 'Chloris', 1596, a 'sonnet' (No. XXVII) of this six-couplet form appears

2. *Sickle, hour.* Lintott reads 'fickle hour', S. Walker conjectures 'fickle-hour', 'Capell in his copy of Lintott's edition has corrected "hower" to "hoar" leaving "fickle". Doubtless he intended to read "fickle hoar". — CAMBRIDGE SHAKESPEARE

12. *Quitus*. As in Hamlet's soliloquy, Act III. sc. 1, l. 75, 'This is the technical term for the acquittance which every sheriff [or accountant] receives on settling his accounts at the Exchequer. Compare Webster, *Duchess of Malfi* [I i, vol. i. p. 198, *Works*, ed. Dyce] —' And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt, Being now my steward, here upon your lips I sign your *Quitus est*' — STEEVENS.

To render thee, to yield thee up, surrender thee.
When Nature is called to a reckoning (by Time?)
she obtains her acquaintance upon surrendering thee,
her chief treasure

CXXVII The sonnets addressed to his lady begin here. Stevens called attention to the fact that "almost all that is said here on the subject of com-

plexion, is repeated in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv. sc. 3, ll. 250-265.

*O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair'.*

Compare Sonnet 7 of 'Astrophel and Stella'.

3. *Successive heir*, heir by order of succession, as in 2 *King Henry vi.*, Act iii. sc. 1, l. 49.

7. *No holy bower*. Malone reads 'no holy hour'.

10. *Suited*, clad.

And they. Dyce reads 'as they'. Walker proposes instead of 'my mistress' eyes' in the ninth line 'my mistress' hairs'. The editors of the Globe Shakespeare read 'My mistress' brows'. Staunton, 'eyes' l. 9, 'brows' l. 10.

12. *Slandering creation, etc.*, dishonoring nature with a spurious reputation.

13. *Becoming of*, gracing, so 'fearing of' Sonnet cxv. l. 9, 'licking of' *Venus & Adonis*, l. 915.

CXXVIII.

5. *Envy*. The accent is on the last syllable. Compare *Titus Andronicus*, Act ii. sc. 4, l. 44 (of fingers on a lute):—

And make the silken strings delight to kiss them.

Jacks, keys of the virginal.

11. *Thy fingers*. The Quarto has 'their fingers'.

CXXIX.

1. *Expense*, expenditure.

*What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty
As those two eyes become that heavenly face.*

12. Suit, clothe, array.

CXXXIII. Here Shakspeare's heart 'groans' (see CXXXI.) for the suffering of his friend as well as his own.

8. *Cross'd*. See Sonnet xxxiv. 12, and XLII. 12

CXXXIV. In close connexion with Sonnet CXXXIII

3. *That other mine, my alter ego.*

5. *Will not, wilt not restore him.*

9. *Statute*. 'Statute has here its legal signification, that of a security or obligation for money' —MALONE.

11. *A friend came, etc.*, a friend who became, etc

CXXXV. Perhaps suggested by the second line of the last sonnet, 'I myself am mortgaged to thy will'.

1. *Will*. In this Sonnet, in the next, and in Sonnet cxliii. the Quarto marks by italics and capital W the play on words, Will=William [Shakspeare], Will=William, the Christian name of Shakspeare's friend [? Mr. W. H.] and Will=desire volition. Here '*Will* in overplus' means Will Shakspeare, as the next line shows, 'more than enough am I'. The first '*Will*' means *desire*; (but as we know that his lady had a husband, it is possible that he also may have been a '*Will*', and that the first '*Will*' here may refer to him besides meaning '*desire*'); the second '*Will*' is Shakspeare's friend.

'In Shakespeare's time quibbles of this kind were

9. See note on Sonnet viii. ll. 13, 14.

10. *Store's*. The Quarto has 'stores'; the Cambridge editors follow Malone in reading '*stores*'; Schmidt says of *Store*; 'used only in the sing.; therefore in Sonnet cxxxvi. 10, *store's* not *stores*'. Lines 9, 10 mean 'You need not count me when merely counting the *number* of those who hold you dear, but when estimating the *worth* of your possessions, you must have regard to me'. 'To set *store* by a thing or person' is a phrase connected with the meaning of 'store' in this passage.

12. *Something sweet*. Sidney Walker proposed and Dyce reads 'something, sweet'.

13, 14. Love only my name (something less than loving myself), and then thou lovest me, for my name is Will, and I myself am all will, *i.e.* all desire.

CXXXVII. In cxxxvi. he has prayed his lady to receive him in the blindness of love; he now shows how Love has dealt with his own eyes.

6. *Anchor'd*. The same metaphor is found in *Antony & Cleopatra*, A& I. sc. 5, l. 33.

9, 10. *Several plot, etc.* So *Love's Labour's Lost*, A& II. sc. 1, l. 223:—

My lips are no common though several they be.

'Fields that were enclosed were called *severals* in opposition to *commons*, the former belonging to individuals, the others to the inhabitants generally. When commons were enclosed, portions allotted to owners of freeholds, copyholds, and cottages, were fenced in, and termed *severals*'.—HALLIWELL.

CXXXVIII Connected with CXXXVII. The frauds practised by blind love, and the blinded lovers, Shakspeare and his lady, who yet must strive to blind themselves. This sonnet appeared as the first poem of *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599) in the following form —

*When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told,
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be*
11. Habit, bearing, deportment, or garb

CXXXIX Probably connected with CXXXVIII, goes on to speak of his lady's untruthfulness, he may try to believe her professions of truth, but do not ask him to justify the wrong she lays upon his heart

CXL In connexion with Sonnet CXXXIX; his lady's 'glancing aside' of that sonnet (l. 6) reappears here, l. 14 'Bear thine eyes straight' He complains of her excesses of cruelty

6 To tell me so, 'to tell me thou dost love me'
—MALONE

14. *Bear thine eyes straight, etc.* 'That is (as it is expressed in a former sonnet),

Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place'.

MALONE.

CXLI. In connexion with CXL.; the 'proud heart' of l. 14 of that sonnet reappears here l. 12. His foolish heart loves her, and her proud heart punishes his folly by cruelty and tyranny. Compare with this sonnet, Drayton, *Idea*, 29.

5. *Tongue's tune.* So *Venus & Adonis*, l. 431. 'Heavenly tune harsh-sounding'; so too 'the tune of Imogen'.

9. *Five wits.* 'From Stephen Hawes's poem called *Graunde Amoure* [and *La Belle Pucel*], ch. xxiv. edition 1554, it appears that the *five wits* were "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation [*i.e.* judgment] and memory". *Wit* in our author's time was the general term for the intellectual power. —MALONE'. —DYCE's *Glossary to Shakespeare*, p. 507.

11, 12. My heart ceases to govern me, and so leaves me no better than the likeness of a man—a man without a heart—in order that it may become slave to thy proud heart.

14. *Pain.* 'Pain in its old etymological sense of punishment'. —W. S. WALKER.

CXLII. In connexion with CXLI.; the first line takes up the word 'sin' from the last line of that sonnet. 'Those whom thine eyes woo' (l. 10) carries on the complaint of CXXXIX. 6, and CXL. 14.

8. *Not prizing*, making no account of.—SCHMIDT.

13. *Will*. Possibly, as Steevens takes it, Will Shakspeare; but it seems as likely, or perhaps more likely, to be Shakspeare's friend 'Will' [? W. H.]. The last two lines promise that Shakspeare will pray for her success in the chase of the fugitive (Will?), on condition that, if successful, she will turn back to him, Shakspeare, her babe.

CXLIV. This sonnet appears as the second poem in *The Passionate Pilgrim* with the following variations: l. 2, 'That like'; l. 3, 'My better angel'; l. 4, 'My worser spirit'; l. 6, 'From my *side*'; l. 8, '*fair* pride'; l. 11, '*For* being both to me'; l. 13, 'The truth I shall not know'. Compare with this sonnet the twentieth of Drayton's *Idea*:—

An evil spirit, your beauty, haunts me still,

Which ceaseth not to tempt me to each ill;

Thus am I still provoked to every evil

By that good-wicked spirit, sweet angel-devil.

2. *Suggest*, tempt, as in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act III. sc. 1, l. 34.

6. *From my side*. The Quarto has 'from my *sight*'. *The Passionate Pilgrim* supplies the correction.

11. *From me*, away from me.

14. Compare 2 *King Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 4, l. 365:—

PRINCE. *For the women?*

FALSTAFF. *For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls.*

CXLV. The only sonnet written in eight-syllable verses. Some critics, with no sufficient reason, reject it, as not by Shakspeare.

13, 14. Steevens proposes 'away from hate she flew', and explains the meaning thus: 'having pronounced the words *I hate*, she left me with a declaration in my favour'. Malone writes: 'The meaning is—she removed the words *I hate* to a distance from hatred. . . . We have the same kind of expression in *The Rape of Lucrece* (ll 1534-1537):—

"It cannot be", quoth she, "that so much guile"—
She would have said "can lurk in such a look";
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue "can lurk" from "cannot"
look'.

Malone's explanation is probably the right one, it is however possible that the meaning may be from hatred to such words as 'I hate', 'she threw them away'.

CXLVI.

1. *Centre of my sinful earth.* So *Romeo & Juliet*, A&H. sc 1, ll 1, 2 —

Can I go forward when my heart is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out

2. [Press'd by] *these rebel powers that thee array*
 The Quarto has, 'My sinful earth these rebel, etc'

ut the line is manifestly corrupt. Probably, as Malone suggests, the compositor inadvertently repeated the last three words of the first verse at the beginning of the second, omitting two syllables. Malone proposed '*Fool'd by those rebel, etc.*' Steevens, '*Starv'd by the rebel, etc.*' Dyce, '*Fool'd by these rebel, etc.*' F. T. Palgrave, '*Foild by these rebel, etc.*' Furnivall, '*Hemmi'd with these rebel, etc.*' Bullock, '*My sins these rebel, etc.*' An anonymous writer, '*Thrall to these rebel*'. Cartwright, '*Slave of these rebel, etc.*' Gerald Massey, '*My sinful earth these rebel powers array*'. What is the meaning of 'array'? Does it mean to put raiment on? So Malone seems to understand it. "Array" here, says Gerald Massey, does not only mean dress, I think it also signifies that in the flesh these rebel powers set their battle in array against the soul'.—Shakspeare's *Sonnets never before interpreted*: 1866, p. 379. Dr. Ingleby, in his pamphlet, '*The Soule Arayed*', 1872, endeavours to show that 'array' here means *abuse, afflict, ill-treat*. There is no doubt the word 'aray' or 'array' was used in this sense by Elizabethan writers, and Shakspeare, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, III. 2, and v. 1, uses 'raied', though nowhere 'aray', except perhaps here, in this or a kindred sense. Taking 'aray' to mean 'afflict', Dr. Ingleby accepts Mr. A. E. Brae's suggestion '*Leagu'd with these rebel etc.*' 'It is', he writes, 'the earth that is in league with the rebel powers, and the earth itself is therefore called "sinful". Here we have the flesh

its resident lusts, represented as leagued or compacted in the work of defrauding the soul of her rightful nutriment, whereby she "pines and suffers dearth" (*The Soule Arayed*, p. 15). In support of the general opinion that 'array' means invest in raiment, compare *The Merchant of Venice*, Act v. sc. 1, l. 64:—

*Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.*

The 'rebel powers' and the 'outward walls' perhaps receive some illustration from the following lines, *Lucretia*, ll. 712-718 —

*She says her subjects with soul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal skull brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual*

1, with much less force, *prople Press'd by*. Compare 'o'er-press'd defence', *CHAM.* 8.

10. To *aggragate thy force*. Malone says that the original copy and all the subsequent impressions read "my" instead of "thy". The copies of the edition of 1609 in the Bodleian, one of which belonged to Malone himself, in the Bridgewater Library, and in the Capell collection as well as Steevens's reprint, have "thy". — CAMBRIDGE SHAKESPEARE.

Aggragate, increase

11. *Terms*. 'Terms in the legal, and academic sense. Long periods of time, opposed to hours'.—W. S. WALKER.

CXLVII. In connexion with CXLVI.; in that sonnet the writer exhorts the soul to feed and let the body pine, 'within be fed', 'so shalt thou feed on Death'; here he tells what the food of his soul actually is—the unwholesome food of a sickly appetite. Compare Drayton, *Idea*, 41, 'Love's Lunacie'.

5. *My reason, the physician to my love*. Compare *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. sc. 1, l. 5: 'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician [so Farmer and most editors; *precisian* Folio], he admits him not for his counsellor'.

7, 8. *I desperate now approve Desire, etc.* The Quarto has a comma after approve, which Malone retains. But the meaning is 'I, who am desperate, now experience that desire which did object ('except' = object) to physic, is death'.

9. *Past cure, etc.* 'So Love's Labour's Lost, Act V. sc. 2, l. 28:—

Great reason; for past cure is still past care.

It was a proverbial saying. See *Holland's Leagner*, a pamphlet published in 1632: "She has got the adage in her mouth; *Things past cure, past care*"—MALONE.

14. *Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.*

So *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. sc. 3, ll. 254, 255 (the King speaking of Rosaline):—

*Black is the badge of hell
The hue of dungeons and the suit of night.*

CXLVIII. Suggested apparently by the last two lines of Sonnet CXLVII.: 'I have thought thee bright who art dark'; 'what eyes, then, hath love put in my head'?

4. *Censures*, judge, estimate, as in *Julius Caesar*, Act III. sc. 2, l. 16.

8. *Love's eye is not so true as all men's*: no, Walker writes, 'Ought we not to affix a longer stop to no? Otherwise the flow seems not to be Shakespearian; compare the context'. Lonsom adds a note to Walker's remark: 'Ought we to stop here? Ought we not to expunge the colon before no, and write:—

Love's eye is not so true as all men's no?

Shakspeare seems to intend a pun on *eye* and *I*, i.e. *ey*'.

13. *O cunning Love!* Here, he is perhaps speaking of his mistress, but if so, he identifies her with 'Love', views her as Love personified, and so the capital *L* is right.

CXLIX. Connected with Sonnet CXLVIII. as appears from the closing lines of the two sonnets.

1. *Partake*, take part. So 1 King Henry VI., Act II. sc. 4, l. 100, 'Your partaker Pole' i.e. partisan.

4. *All tyrant, i.e.* thou complete tyrant! Malone conjectures '*All truant*'.

CL. Perhaps connected with Sonnet CXLIX.; '*worship thy defect*' in that sonnet (l. 11), may have suggested '*with insufficiency my heart to sway*' in this.

2. *With insufficiency, etc.*, to rule my heart by defects.

5. *This becoming of things ill.* So *Antony & Cleopatra*, Act II. sc. 2, l. 243:—

*Vilest things
Become themselves in her.*

7. *Warrantise of skill*, surety or pledge of sagacity and power.

CLI.

3. *Then, gentlecheater.* Staunton writes "*Cheater*" here signifies *eschearer*, an official who appears to have been regarded by the common people in Shakespeare's day much the same as they now look upon an informer'. The more obvious meaning '*rogue*' makes better sense.

10. *Triumphant prize*, triumphal prize, the prize of his triumph. Walker cites Lord Brooke, *Alaham* v. 1, l. 8, '*this triumphant robe*', *this robe in which I triumph*.

CLII. Carries on the thought of the last sonnet; she cannot justly complain of his faults since she herself is as guilty or even more guilty.

11. *To enlighten thee gave eyes to blindness, to see thee in the brightness of imagination I gave away my eyes to blindness, made myself blind.*

13. *More perjured I.* The Quarto has 'more perjurde eye', corrected by Sewall

CLIII. Malone writes 'This and the following sonnet are composed of the very same thoughts differently versified. They seem to have been early essays of the poet, who perhaps had not determined which he should prefer. He hardly could have intended to send them both into the world'.

Herr Hertzberg (*Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft* 1878, pp. 158-162) has found a Greek source for these two sonnets. He writes: 'Dann ging ich an die palatinische Anthologie und fand daselbst nach langem Suchen im ix. Buche (*Ἐπιδεικτικά*) unter N. 637 die ersehnte Quelle. . . . Es lautet:—

Τῶδ' ἵπὸ τῶν ἰδὼν
 εἶδεν
 Νύμφαι
 σβίσε . . . , ὅμῳ πυρ κραιπνῆς μερό-
 πων.¹
 Λαμπὰς δ' ὥς ἱφλέξε καὶ ἱδατα, θερμὸν ἐκείθεν
 Νύμφαι Ἐρωτιάδες λουτροχοεῖσιν ἰδῶρ.¹

The poem is by the Byzantine Marianus, a writer probably of the fifth century after Christ. The

¹ *Epigrammata* (Jacob) ix. 65.

germ of the poem is found in an Epigram by Zenodotus:—

Τίς γλύψας τὸν Ἔρωτα παρὰ κρήνησιν ἔθηκεν;
Οἰόμενος παύσειν τοῦτο τὸ πῦρ ὕδατι.¹

How Shakspere became acquainted with the poem of Marianus we cannot tell, but it had been translated into Latin: 'Selecta Epigrammata, Basel 1529', and again several times before the close of the sixteenth century.

I add literal translations of the epigrams: 'Here 'neath the plane trees, weighed down by soft slumber, slept Love, having placed his torch beside the Nymphs. Then said the Nymphs to one another, "Why do we delay? Would that together with this we had extinguished the fire of mortals' heart!" But as the torch made the waters also to blaze, hot is the water the amorous Nymphs (or the Nymphs of the region of Eros²) draw from thence for their bath'.

'Who was the man that carved [the statue of] Love, and set it by the fountains, thinking to quench this fire with water?'

In Surrey's '*Complaint of the Lover Disdained*' (Aldine ed. p. 12), we read of a hot and a cold well of love. Shenstone (Works, ed. 1777, vol. i. p. 144) versifies anew the theme of this and the following sonnet in his '*Anacreontic*'. Hermann

¹ *Epigrammata* i. 57.

² See Hertzberg, *Sk. Jahrbuch*, p. 161.

